THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXII. No. 1728

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

MAR. 4, 1933

"Luvisca" REG.D SHIRTS SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

COURTAULDS FABRIC

PERFECT COMFORT WEAR

SHIRTS in striped designs or plain shades, 10/6 EACH including two collars.

PYJAMA SUITS in striped designs or plain shades, 17/6 EACH

Garments made to measure subject to special quotations.

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB: *Sold by leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores and all AUSTIN REED shops.*

Ask for and see you get "LUVISCA." There is nothing just-as-good. If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. 125M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

OXO

Satisfies your good taste

EVEN DYSPEPTICS CAN SAFELY ENJOY THE DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

Free from all excess tannin. "The Doctor's China Tea" is harmless to delicate digestions.

Priced at 2/8, 3/2, 3/10; a super quality at 4/4 per lb.

Harden Bros. & Lindsay, Ltd. Dept. 29, 30/34, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.3

CVS—62

¼-lb. FREE. Send 6d. in stamps to cover postage and packing for a 2-oz. packet of each of the 3/2 and 3/10 blends (¼-lb. in all) FREE. A 2-oz. packet of the super 4/4 blend also sent on receipt of additional 6d.

CANADIAN CLUB SMOKING MIXTURE AND CIGARETTES

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsmen-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from **4 Gns.**

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, GRAFTON ST., BOND ST., LONDON, W. 1

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

Distillers Since 1863.

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD. Charlotte Lane, LEITH.

Seedsmen to H.M. the King — *By Appointment*

NEW SWEET PEAS

MYOSOTIS.—The greatest advance in blue Sweet Peas.
ROSALIE.—Colour shining rose du barri. Of unusual clearness.
TORCH.—Glowing fiery scarlet.
Each, per packet, 36 seeds, 2/6; 12 seeds, 1/-

CARTERS BLUE BOOK OF GARDENING 1933
Re-edited with many new features and BEAUTIFUL COLOUR PLATES
On all Railway Bookstalls, price 1/-

A Beautifully Illustrated Abridged Catalogue 72 pages
Post free on application

Carters TESTED SEEDS LTD

RAYNES PARK, LONDON, S.W.20
134 Regent St., W.1. 115 Cheapside, E.C.
129 High Holborn, W.C.1. 53a Queen Victoria St., E.C. Houston Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

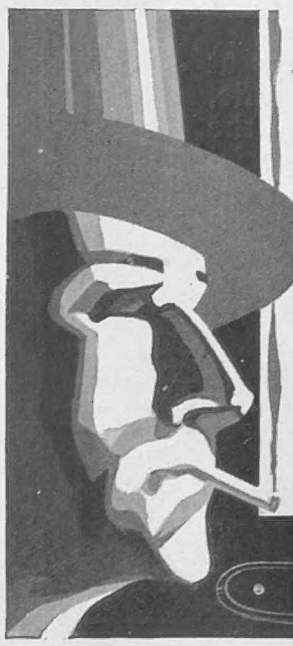
15 *All Seeds carriage paid*

AUSTRALIA.

TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA
Tickets interchangeable with other Lines.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3

CAREER FOR LADIES

The Mayfair Salons have vacancies for ladies to train in the latest methods of Beauty Culture and Hairdressing, with the advantages of a Mayfair training and practical work in the Salons. Small premium.
28, GEORGE ST., HANOVER SQ., W.1
Mayfair 4782.



A RETURN TO THE STRAIGHT HANDLED RAZOR!

The KROPP ALL BRITISH

The ultimate choice of the man who must be immaculately shaved is the Kropp. Its first cost is his only expense in obtaining perfect daily shaving for a lifetime.

It never needs grinding—only stropping and occasional setting.

In case, Black handle **10/6** Ivory handle **18/-**
From Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, etc.

FREE copy of illustrated "Shaver's Kit," booklet No. 170, sent on request.

Osborne Garrett & Co., Ltd., London, W.1

Cuticura Soap

Best for Baby's Daily Bath

Made of the purest ingredients and containing soothing and healing properties, it protects baby's tender skin and keeps it clear and healthy, free from rashes and irritations.

Price 1s. Sold at all chemists.

DRESDEN (Saxony). THE BELLEVUE HOTEL
Admirably located opposite the famous Dresden Opera, overlooking Elbe River.
Sufficiently distant from city noise to ensure an atmosphere of peace and quietness.
Large Garden and Terraces. Every Comfort. Modern Garage. Moderate Rates.
R. Bretschneider, Manager.

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, March 4, 1933

BRITISH INDUSTRY'S ROYAL SPONSOR

Her Majesty, Who is Recognized Unofficially as its First Officer, Visits the B. I. F.

On three occasions last week the Queen paid visits to the London Section of the British Industries Fair, thereby displaying once again her deep understanding and appreciation of the things that really matter in our national life. Our illustration shows Her Majesty, who was accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York, Prince George, and the Princess Royal, being received on her arrival at Olympia. Each of her three visits occupied a considerable amount of time, and on the last occasion the Queen spent nearly three-and-a-half hours making a tour of the stands exhibiting fancy goods, china, and glassware. The Royal party made many purchases, the Queen's discrimination and lively interest doing much to assist industries deserving of help. Although full reports have yet to be published the Fair has clearly been an outstanding success, over 40,000 buyers attending the London Section in the first week. Particularly gratifying was the increased willingness to spend shown by many Dominion buyers, Australia and New Zealand's happier position resulting from improved wool prices, and South Africa's timely release from the Gold Standard, evidently putting into circulation an increased volume of money for expenditure upon the manufactured products of the Mother Country

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

THE NEW KING'S COUNSEL: Sir William Cope, Mr. Lewis Noad, and Mr. Arthur Morley, three of the twelve King's Counsel who were sworn-in at the House of Lords last week

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 1, 1933.

THE FAR EAST.—Each fateful step in the Far Eastern crisis has been generally anticipated and, in the event, regarded as inevitable. Indeed it has been, like Greek tragedy, the preordained march of fate. That Japan is in the rôle of tyrant not even those who realize her needs, her difficulties, and indeed her "case" in the present dispute, deny. Jehol is as much a part of China as the Isle of Man is a part of Britain. It was inevitable that China must indignantly repudiate Japan's ultimatum, since the presence of Chinese troops in the threatened area is an exercise of China's sovereign rights. As inevitable as the ultimatum and refusal is Japan's expected decision to leave the League, and the League's adoption of the report of the nineteen. Going backwards still further, the findings of Lord Lytton's Committee were generally anticipated. This backward review leads to one conclusion, and one only: Japan—whatever her wrongs and difficulties—has from the first pursued a policy which runs counter to the canons of international justice and the spirit of the covenant to which she pledged herself. She solemnly pledged herself to abide by arbitration in any dispute with China, and to collaborate with the other Powers with special reference to the protection of Chinese interests during her political chaos. And three times in a score of months she has employed force in isolated efforts to settle her own disputes with China. No one denies the benefits which must accrue from the orderly administration of Manchuria—such as Japan at this juncture alone can provide. And no one belittles the intolerable affliction of a plague spot of lawlessness and barbarism on the borders of a highly civilized State. But if the League of Nations' ideal is to survive, the letter and the spirit of its creed must be strictly adhered to. If it come about that in the spring of 1935 Japan ceases to be a member of the League, it will be a calamity for civilization. Yet much may happen in the next two years, and we need not take that disaster as inevitable, and we may still look hopefully for useful help from Japan in the matter of disarmament. The effective sanctions of the League meanwhile are the weakest weapons in its armoury. The general view of the nations agrees that the ugly anomaly of the supply of arms to the aggressor by nationals of the signatory Powers should be prevented, and that an arms embargo should be the first sanction to be put in force. Britain has taken a lead by forbidding deliveries henceforth to either belligerent.

QUICK . . . MARCH.—With the breathless speed which never fails to astound us—because it is a thin sandwich between the two most dilatory months in the year—February has come and gone in sunshine and snow, and we are into March. The coming of March is really a significant milestone in our calendar. For though winter may drag on interminably into April, March is allied to the great powers of the sun and is related to the best families in our calendar—the summer months. Spring is of the house of March, and March is first cousin to April, when cricket-bats and grey flannel trousers emerge and the lawn mower is put again into commission, and flat racing gets into its stride, and pink blossom borders the main roads out of London. Already we are out of the shadows and wake to see the sun respectably high and to hear the chorus of bird song which greets it. And the whole programme of the country dweller must undergo revision. No longer is tea-time the curfew of outdoor work. The hens definitely must no longer be shut up before tea, and there is a full hour for vital work in the garden before the lights need be lit and the curtains drawn. Henceforward the consumption of electricity, coal, and coke fall enchantingly, and henceforward in sheltered corners the blessed virtue of an older and better heating and lighting unit makes itself felt. March is of immense significance. It is the door which unlocks that half of our year (blessed by statesmen and tramps alike) when life is easier to endure and tempers grow mellow.

UPS AND DOWNS.—On two or three days last week I enjoyed my luncheon in the open air without hat or coat. On the north side of the house the thermometer was below freezing point. On the south side, in a sheltered angle of brick where I sat, a thermometer on the little table beside me in the bright sunshine stood at 91. This contrast seems to me not only remarkable but parabolic. Most of last week one could feel the warmth and sunshine of hope and renaissance, and the cold, hard dead-season of frozen trade and credit. On the same day I read with interest the addresses of the chairmen of three companies in which I am particularly interested, which operate in three widely different spheres of industry. Each has been through times as disastrous as any in its long history, each reveals the extent of the slump in its balance sheet, and in each case the chairman, conscious at once of the dangers and of the necessity for speaking optimistically, expressed, in the face of a lamentable balance sheet, calm and strong belief in better times. This is the south side of the House of Industry. Here are ranged, beside the optimism of hard-wrung company directors, the latest trade balance returns showing great improvement, the veiled prophecies of statesmen (for what they are worth), the early, and perhaps undesirably advertised, optimism of traders at the B.I.F., certain whispers of increased activity in the ports and shipyards, and of a modest increase in heavy freights. On the north side of the house, the iron of winter shows no signs of yielding. There is the Far Eastern danger with its obvious effects on the slender chances of disarmament; there is all that elaborate paraphernalia of negotiation, discussion, and confirmation which lies ahead of debt settlement; there is the internal chaos of half the nations of Europe, the state of unemployment, and a constantly decreasing national income, with its effect alike on the hopes of reduced taxation and on the spending power of the people. The frost is as sharp as the sun is warm. Each extreme of the thermometer is a fact. I do not suggest that you will be wise to shun the hard facts. I do suggest that it is more healthy and more sensible to take your stand on the south side.

A REDUNDANT OFFICE?—The House of Lords having abolished the Ministry of Transport as a redundant and unnecessarily expensive bureaucratic excrescence, the King has appointed Lord Derby's son to succeed Mr. Pybus as Minister of Transport. The present moment was an odd one to choose for calling attention to the redundancy of this ministry, seeing that so many of our domestic anxieties might be lightened by measures which would fall to be considered by that department. The Salter Report, the general plight of the railways, the continued chaos of road transport regulations, the toll of the roads, the problems of electric power—these subjects occupy one-half of the space allotted to public growls in our daily press. It is not the Ministry of Transport, but the whole modern bag and baggage of bureaucracy that needs abolishing and reconditioning. The affairs at present allotted to this mushroom ministry need the instant attention of the best brain in the National Government. It would pay us hand over fist to put that unknown in charge, and it would be time enough to abolish his department when under his direction it had achieved the long delayed constructive legislation for which it was called into being. Mr. Stanley is regarded as the rising star. Let us hope that he will concentrate his attention on England, and not on Europe.

NON-PAROCHIAL GOVERNMENT.—The National Government has not yet lost a twentieth part of the goodwill and confidence reposed in it by the electorate when it came into being for a definite end. It has done one or two very big things and it may bring off one or two more. But there is a growing feeling that in its preoccupations with international affairs of vast importance, it leaves far too little time and all too few statesmen to deal with our internal problems and anxieties. This particular pendulum swing is worth examining. For the weakest memory must recall how long and ardent was the campaign (only a few years ago) to compel British statesmen to realize that the cure for our domestic ills must be sought not at home but in Europe and in the International field. The National Government has learned the lesson . . . and forgotten every other, one might sometimes argue. It is true that, blindfolded and fettered as we still remain in an underground maze of antiquated legislation and crippling restrictions, there appear to be all too few members of the Government with time at their disposal to hear our complaints, strike off some of our more rusty fetters, and make constructive plans to let a little light and air into the catacombs. The Ministers of the Crown no longer receive a portfolio but a season ticket to Geneva. The charge which we bring against Congress and the American Nation, that it never looks beyond its own backyard paling, is the very last we could bring against our own Government to-day. It scorns such parochialism and provincialism. It has quite forgotten the village pump, which is indeed choked up.

AN EXAMPLE OF DOMESTIC NEGLECT.—In the ideal State, every care would be taken to protect and uphold thrift and prudence, and to prevent unselfish forethought being crowned with a fool's cap by folly and improvidence. Thrift is the text of the statesman's favourite sermon. But the ideal State is only an ideal, and in the nearest approach to that ideal (in a very imperfect world) folly is at this moment cracking its ribs over prudence. I am thinking of an oblique aspect of the Salter Report. For a number of

years (generations indeed) the Legislature has taken a fatherly interest in the settlements and savings of the people. There has existed a list of securities and stocks authorized for the investment of trust funds where individual deeds make no particular provisions for investment. The list was reaffirmed as late as April, 1925, and includes the debentures, and guaranteed and preference stocks of a majority of British railways, all indeed which have paid for a defined number of years a defined minimum on their ordinary stocks. The Isle of Wight Railway was as much entitled to rank in this list as the Great Western or the Great Eastern. Year after year, decade after decade, the principle of selection of this form of investment for trustees remained unchanged and the thrifty public, with official approval, gained the idea that such preference stocks must be indeed gilt-edged. Yet for nearly a generation there have been portents in the sky; the shadow of coming events made dark shadows on the land; the ideal statesman would, nay *must*, have seen with half a free eye twenty years ago that the great days for railways were numbered, that a new rival had arisen, that ordinary dividends paid annually were by no means always earned, or earned with a prudent margin to spare. Yet nothing whatever was done to review the broad principle of railway stock investment for orphans and widows. Thrift was more and more encouraged, and right up to 1930 the notion that railway prior stocks were "perfectly safe" was suffered to delude still the honest fool. The honest fool pinched and saved, his weaker brother sipped the sweets of youth and sowed his wild oats. The honest fool's invested money is possibly reduced by two-thirds and his income may have ceased to be paid. Inevitable of course, but not impossible to foresee, and those who encouraged thrift had a duty to look ahead. I wonder how many millions of the savings of good young couples have gone down the sink which bore the legend "official safe deposit."

"THE LONDON" AGAIN.—A man like Sydney Holland does not die, for whatever our religious beliefs or disbeliefs we are not in doubt of the power of the spirit which is inherent in a small number of remarkable men during their lives and does not cease its influence after their deaths. It is five years now since we were last privileged to hear that magic voice pleading for the cause to which he gave his life and energies and the full measure of his wonderful humanity. His spirit still vitalizes the activities of the London Hospital and his spirit is pleading again to-day at the Quinquennial Appeal. The figures tell a part of the story, as much as figures ever tell. Fifteen thousand in-patients last year, half-a-million out-patients. A quarter of a million pounds must be found each year to keep the hospital going as it should be kept. But the hospital does not patch only; it plans. It is the aim of every hospital, it is indeed its *raison d'être*, to save the lives not of the living only but of the generations unborn. It is a training centre, a medical research centre, as well as a hospital. Its annual needs will be found in the gratitude and humanity of the nation in which "the London" has good cause to maintain its faith. Its present appeal is for an additional £200,000 without which its wider efficiency, the maintenance of the grand ideal, is impossible.

LADY GUENDOLEN CECIL.—Every age can show its rare examples of women, and sometimes of men, who seem to belong to a world of the spirit, delicate and exquisite, and set far above the workaday and robust world in which they live. Such was Lady Guendolen Cecil, daughter of the tenth Duke of Leeds and wife of Mr. Algernon Cecil, the writer and critic whose reputation grows. In outward form, as in mind and spirit, she was the embodiment of grace and beauty; a combination of physical and spiritual loveliness to which the adjective æthereal may be properly applied. Sympathy and humanity overflowed in her heart; high intelligence, right judgment, and unerring taste directed her mind; a perfect sense of humour adorned her conversation, and great courage guided every action in her life. Fragile in body and weak in health, she was a very power house of stored wisdom, bravery, and strength. Human nature held no mysteries for her; fear had no place in her philosophy; pessimism and gloom vanished in the sunshine of her gaiety. If those who knew her, more and less, segregated her to a realm of the spirit set apart from the battle of life, she herself would have indignantly refused to be so separated from the workaday world to which she brought such rare gifts of sympathy, understanding, humour, and strength, and from whose foibles she derived such exquisite fun.

FRENCH ART.—I often wonder in what spirit the endless streams of people, who cheerfully pay high to inspect the art of former generations, actually appraise the exhibits. Whether it be French furniture, textiles and painting, or Victorian or Georgian or of the age of Anne or Elizabeth, every object they see and the sentiment and habit of mind which brought those objects into being are glaringly opposed to the products and sentiments of the present generation. Modern painting scorns convention and prettiness and must clearly regard every past phase of the art as mere substitutes for photography revealing a technique in varying degrees of excellence. And as with painting, so with the applied arts, the present fashions are worlds away from anything that has gone before in the history of European civilization. We know that the public visit an exhibition of bygone dress fashions in a spirit of good-humoured levity. In what spirit do they view an exhibition of Louis XV furniture or Victorian paintings? We have only to glance at a modern domestic interior to be assured that no object displayed in such exhibitions could find a place in a modern setting. Those who have inherited them—if they are in the modern swim—must banish them to supernumerary "museum" rooms or sell them to pay for the severe, comfortable, hygienic, utility furnishing of Arundell Clarke and the mural decorations of Banting and that school. Yet such exhibitions are golden harvests for good causes, and the cultured public come with enthusiasm and speak with rapture of what they have seen. Is it that our hearts are boundlessly large and capable of appreciating art which has ceased to combine utility with grace? Or are we indeed monstrously insincere, queuing up to observe the fashionable crowd first and foremost and sparing but half an eye to the exhibits? Or do we perhaps go with doubt in our hearts, not quite convinced of the radiant rightness of our own generation's taste? Are such exhibits regarded as relics or as a useful source of future inspiration? However it may be, the latest exhibition at Sir Philip Sassoon's is very noteworthy. Following on the heels of last year's exhibition of French art, it is in no sense Bathos. The show reveals indeed the variety and wealth of French genius. Many of the pictures are newcomers to London; none were shown at Burlington House last year. And splendidly as many French masters were there represented, some are even better represented at Park Lane. As for tapestries and furniture, they have an importance in Park Lane which was altogether to seek in these branches of art in Burlington House. It is an art exhibition utterly alien to every canon of modern taste in art, for each lovely object screams its slogan to the public that the function of art is to charm by sheer beauty and to leave untried no trick or device which may enhance a purely sensuous appeal.

THE OLD STAGER.

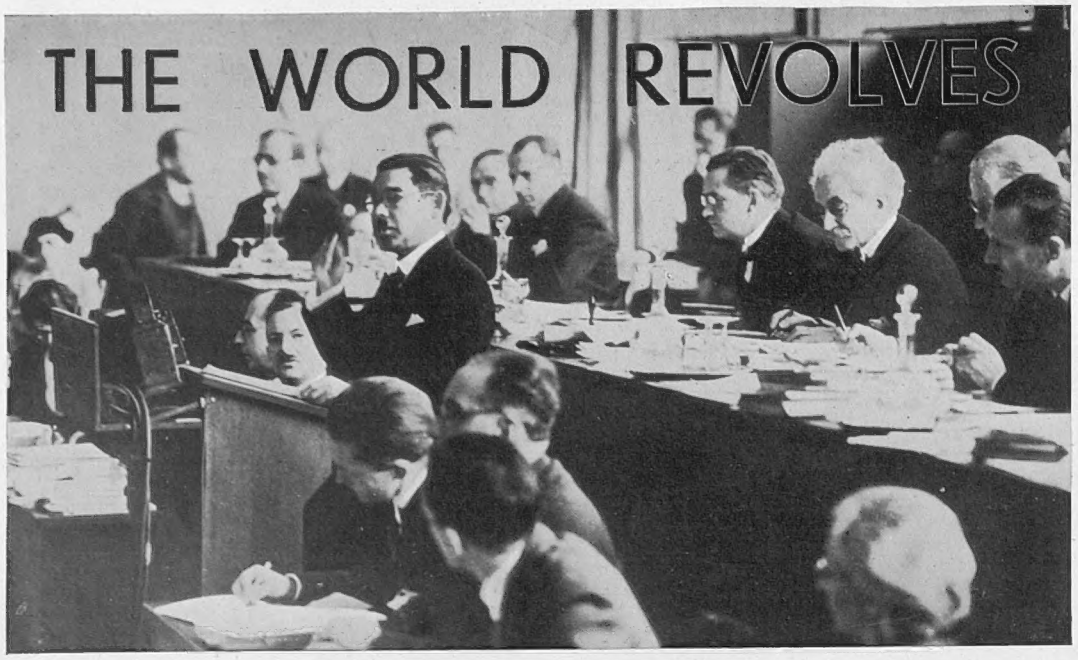
TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF ENDEAVOUR: Prince George was the principal guest at St. George's Hospital Bicentenary Ball, given at 46, Upper Grosvenor Street, last week by Mrs. Simon Hartog. The Prince is seen dancing with his hostess, Mrs. Hartog

MAKING ASSURANCE DOUBLY SURE: Lady Helen Aline Brocklehurst, daughter of the 8th Earl of Airlie, who was married to Mr. Harold Bligh Nutting at Henrietta Street Register Office last week. The couple went immediately to the Savoy Chapel for the church ceremony. *Above*—The bridegroom's chauffeur congratulates the couple

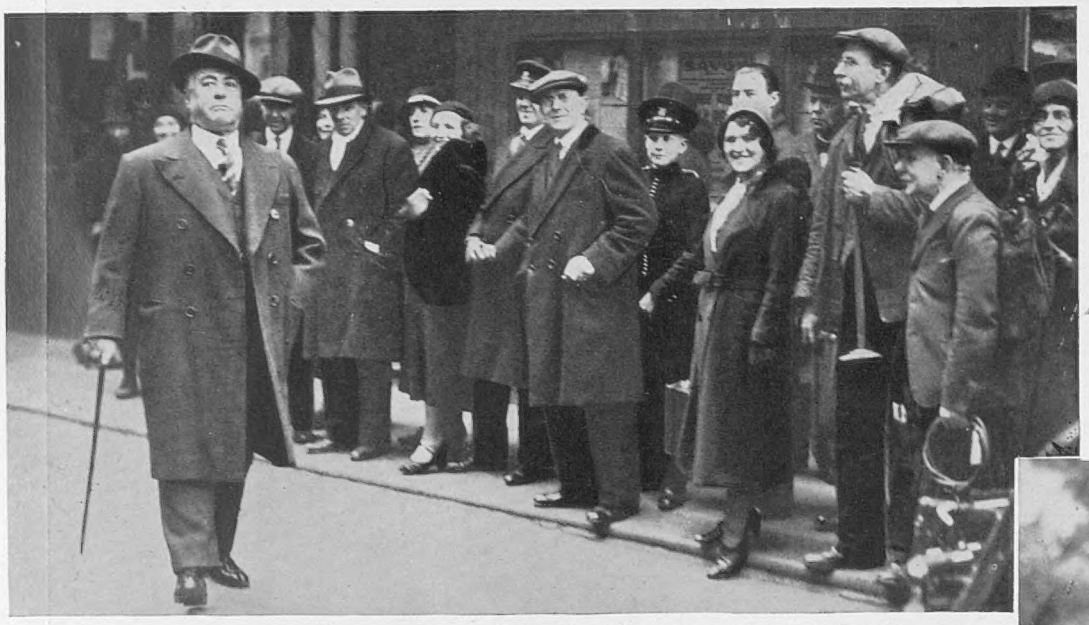
WINTER BEAUTY FOR LONDON'S PARKS: The London County Council's nurseries at Avery Hill, Eltham, provide plants for the Council's 122 parks and open spaces and for hospitals and building estates within the London area. During the next few months the staff of twenty gardeners will have distributed some 20,000 shrubs and nearly 3,000 trees

SALUTE TO BEAUTY: "Babies' Day" at Wimbledon Musical Festival in which youthful competitors from neighbouring districts took part at the New Baths Hall, Wimbledon. Miss Daphne Eagles as "Little Miss So and So" and Miss Doreen White as "Soldier" are seen before taking part

THE WORLD REVOLVES



THE LONELY SPOKESMAN OF HIS EMPEROR: Mr. Matsuoka seen during his impassioned plea to the League of Nations last week, which ended in the report of the Committee of Nineteen being upheld and in the departure of the Japanese delegates from the assembly. "Japan desires to help China as far as lies within her power," he said, "and the effort of my country to assist Manchukuo to her feet will lead some day to a realization of Japan's desire to succeed in firmly establishing peace throughout Eastern Asia"



"FOR FORTY YEARS I HAVE NEVER DONE ANYTHING I DID NOT WANT TO DO": So spake Mr. George Robey when Equity threatened to boycott *The Jolly Roger* unless he joined the association. Mr. Robey compromised with a gift to Equity of 10 guineas on the understanding that he in no way sacrificed his principle. The cheque was returned. So Mr. Robey now announces himself as a partner in the show with Miss Rita John, thereby under Equity rules being excused membership

PRESIDENT FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, WHO ASSUMES OFFICE TO-DAY: Mr. Roosevelt is seen here during a Press conference aboard Mr. Vincent Astor's yacht *Nourmahal*. This picture was taken a few hours before the attempt made upon his life at Bay Front Park, Miami. Mr. Roosevelt delivers his inauguration address in Washington to-day

To an Obbligato of Snowstorm and Flood

THE NEWLY WEDS: Mr. Charles Sweeny and his bride (Miss Margaret Whigham) seen outside their hotel in Paris at the beginning of their honeymoon. Mr. and Mrs. Sweeny have now left for a cruise to the West Indies

"SUSIE" IN THE "SUNSHINE": Miss Renate Muller, star of *Sunshine Susie*, with another competitor at a desert gymkhana at Mena House, Egypt

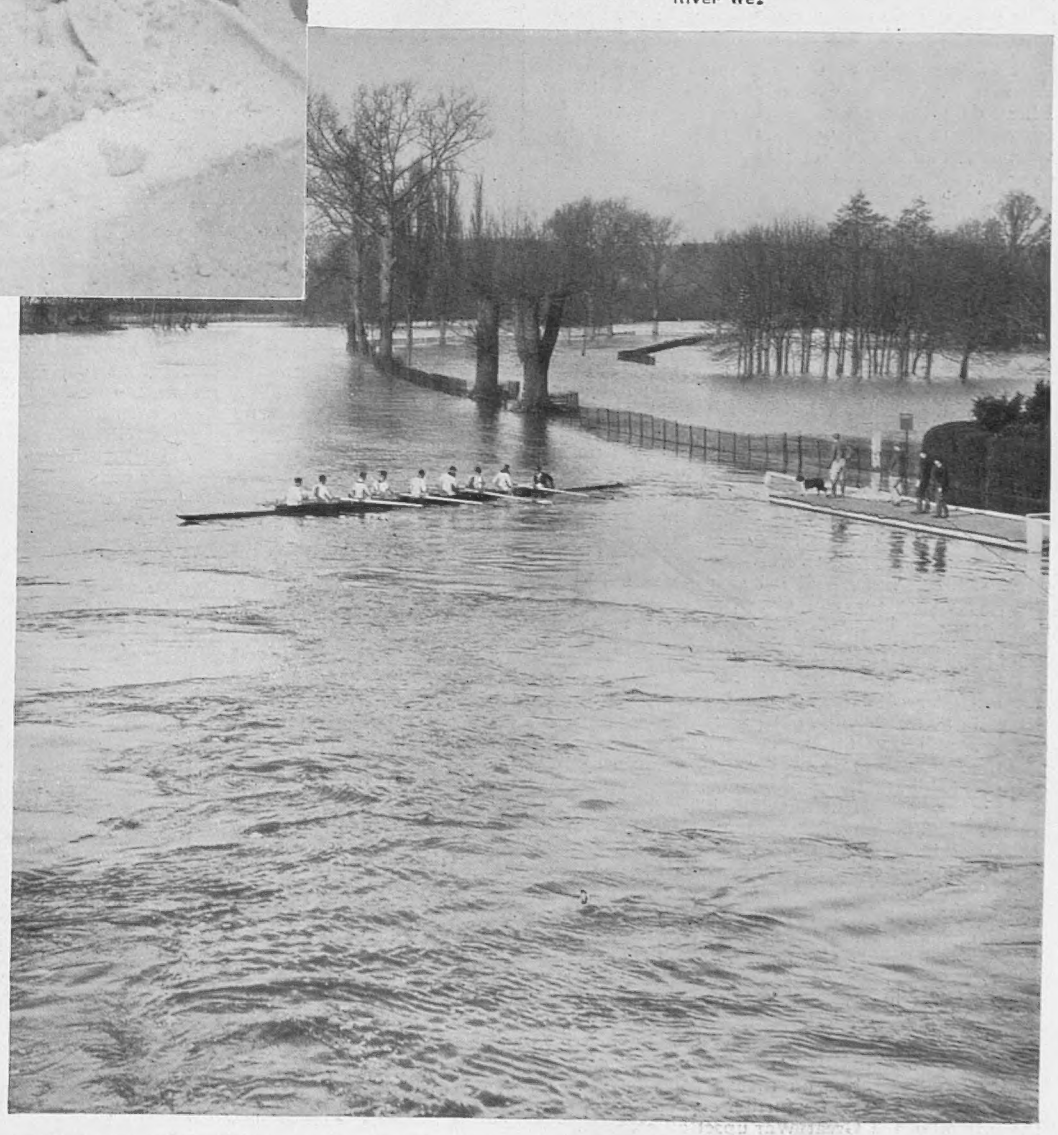
PERIL FOR T... from a dr... faced she...

LONDON'S BLIZZARD CAUSES TRAFFIC DISLOCATION: A scene at Ludgate Circus during the snowstorm in London last week. A driving wind resulted in the snow obscuring bus and car wind screens with a consequent slowing down of all traffic

Above—FORDING THE FLOOD: A view of Guildford's main street, showing cars negotiating the flood occasioned by a heavy fall of snow and a rapid thaw. The road here drops steeply to the bridge crossing the River Wey

On right—Digging a cottage out of the snow at Tow Law, County Durham. Here the snow had drifted right up the side of the house, completely closing the main door

EARLY LAMBS: A farmer near Wrotham releasing mountain lambs where the heavy fall of snow had enveloped them. The blackare particularly hardy, and the manner in which they will survive even the most severe snowstorm is remarkable



"PUSH OFF AND SITTING WELL IN ORDER TO SMITE THE SOUNDING FURROWS": The Oxford University boat-race crew seen during their first trial on the Thames last week, when they took their boat out on the flood waters at Henley. The towpath was completely submerged and the surrounding countryside had more the appearance of a lake than a river basin

KING CAROL OF RUMANIA: A new portrait of Europe's much discussed ruler

RUMANIA'S DARING EXPERIMENT

A First-hand Impression of Rumania by a Correspondent who has Lived and Worked Among the People. He Describes It as a Land of Content, if Not of Riches, Under a Government which Recognizes the Claims of the Peasant

"Nicolae Dumitrescu," I said, "I want to work." Nicolae scratched his head, looking puzzled. "Work, *domnule Englez*, what kind of work?" "In the fields, gathering corn, as you do." "But you do not have to." "I know," broke in his son; "he wishes to see how a peasant works. I understand."

"Yes, Nicolae Dumitrescu," said another man, "to him it is strange. In England there are no peasants. The people live in towns. It is all over like Argesh, but much, much bigger; machinery everywhere and noise and smoke. I read once in *Universul* that . . ." "But, *domnule Englez*," interrupted Gheorghe Tamash, a dark, big-shouldered man with a heavy moustache, "is it true that there are no peasants?" "No." I tried to explain. "There are peasants, but they do not live as you do. They do not own much land." "But they are free? My father's father worked for the boyars and was very poor." He nodded slowly. "I think it is best here. We have no money at all. But we all have earth to grow our food. In Rumania no one need starve. But the Government says we are lazy because we work only to eat and not to sell. We do not need much money; we should like more, but . . ." He shrugged his shoulders, and there was a general laugh.

The conversation drifted on, sometimes the men addressed themselves to me, sometimes they just argued quietly among themselves while I listened. It was a still night, when half-a-dozen Rumanian peasants and myself were sitting in the yard of Nicolae's house dipping our cups into the bowl of tsuica that stood in the middle of the circle. It seemed that this fermented plum juice acted as an open dictionary, an interpreter of their lives, which had grown from the earth that nourished the fruit trees on their hillsides. So that the words and the fruit coming from one source mingled in my brain and spoke an understandable language.

I was then only at the beginning of my four months' wanderings in Rumania, from which I have only lately returned. My idea was to live among these peasant people, move from village to village, get to know them, understand their philosophy, and learn if I could the secret that made them happy, in a way that only men who live close to the earth can be happy when the civilized world is tumbling on its ear.

What those first friends of mine said was true, though at the time I did not fully comprehend. And, as I went on to other villages, not only in the old kingdom of Rumania but also in Transylvania across the Carpathians, I realized their truth. Sometimes I stayed for several weeks in one place, for, with these people whose hospitality is their crown, it was easy to become friends. Then I would go on, at times walking with a rucksack on my back and sleeping where I could, at other times boarding a train if the distances were too great. Often I wore peasant dress; it made me feel more at home, and the coarse, white cotton smock, gaily embroidered, belted at the waist and with full sleeves, was loose and comfortable. The farther I wandered, the more I realized that it was hard for man to want in this country. And the reason was the daring experiment carried out by the Rumanian Government.

Before the War Rumania was the great grain exporter of Europe. The land was owned in the main by the boyars, the great hereditary landowners, and by foreigners who exploited the peasants. Often these landowners, as in Russia, did not go near their properties, but left them to agents who ran them and handed over the profits, after making sure first that their pockets were well lined. For over a hundred years successive rulers had tried to improve the lot of the peasants, seeing that, since they were the very life-blood of the country, it was grossly unfair and also uneconomic that they should be oppressed. Prince Cuza, the first ruler of the united Principalities, gave the impetus to the later reforms. He began the process of expropriating the landowners and handing the land over to the peasants. Even so, at the beginning of this century, the bulk of the peasants were still unable to support themselves on their land. In 1913 a scheme was drawn up for further expropriation, but the turmoil of the Great War upset all calculations for the time being.

But in 1918 came the fulfilment of the plan. Communism was at the frontier, trying, as everywhere, to seize upon any signs of discontent to foment trouble that would assist its scheme of world revolution. Now was the time to put the country to its test. Nearly two-thirds of Rumania is farm land. At the time of the reform 36½ per cent. of this land was held in properties of over 100 hectares (247 acres). As about fourteen million of the eighteen million inhabitants of the country are peasants, it is easy to see that the land was still held in the main by a comparatively small number of landowners.

So the Government set itself to the task of redistribution. In the old kingdom estates were limited to 500 hectares, plus vineyards, orchards, and woods. It was the same in the Banat and Transylvania, the lost provinces reunited with the old kingdom after the War. In the Bucovina, where farms were smaller and much of the land was covered with the beech forests that give the province its name, estates were limited to 250 hectares. In Bessarabia, the province on the Russian border which had declared for unity with the old

IN A LAND OF PLENTY: A Rumanian shepherd tends his flocks in the hill country

kingdom, 100 hectares were the most that could be retained. This last move was a wise one, for it is in Bessarabia that Communism has always striven hardest, though unsuccessfully, to get its foot in. It says much for the intelligence of the peasants there that, stricken as they have been now by drought and poor harvests for four consecutive years, they still turn a deaf ear to the wiles of Communist agents. In the end only 9½ per cent. of the land was held in estates of over 100 hectares, the rest was owned in small holdings by the peasants.

As a result a number of the landowners undoubtedly suffered. It was intended that they should be equitably compensated, but with the rapid depreciation of the currency it became impossible. In many cases they received only about a thirtieth of the value of their land, and that paid in State bonds which were at a heavy discount. In Transylvania the Hungarian landowners were particularly aggrieved because the Rumanian Government had decreed that any such landowner not returning by March, 1921, would have all his land expropriated. Though apparently hard it was a reasonable provision, for Rumania was tired of landowners who never came near their land; she wanted men who owned land to work it. But the outcry was so great that she agreed eventually to compensate them.

After all, the nation was satisfied. The project had achieved its main object, that every peasant should have enough land to be self-supporting.

Yet, as is nearly always the case in large schemes, individual human nature had not been fully appreciated. The peasants have their land and are a contented, happy people. But they work it only to the extent of providing themselves with what is necessary to them and their families. They are not skilled agriculturists; for centuries they have worked under foremen. In consequence their crops are poor, and a great deal of land is not worked at all because their needs are so small. They are easy-going, and have no desire to make a lot of money.

But the result to the country's exchequer is more than unfortunate. It has been an enthralling experiment, and the fact that it has made millions happy and saved Rumania from Communism is sufficient justification. On the other hand, there is no money, no money for anything anywhere. The country has ceased for the time being to be a great grain exporter. So the Government and the towns are hard hit. Yet, owing to the great peasant population, unemployment is negligible. Nearly everyone either owns or has relations who own land to which he can be sent if he cannot find work; and the land of Rumania is black and rich, bursting with an abundance of food. Never have I lived better than I did with those peasants. Coarse as was their food, there was enough and to spare of everything.

Rumania is going through a great struggle to prove the worth of her scheme. With the present crisis embracing the whole world it is impossible to tell how it will eventually affect the economic position of the country. Meanwhile, the inhabitants of no country are more content, if as content, as those are in Rumania.

The great crisis hardly touches them. They grow all their own food, their yards are full of fowl, they make their own clothes, and in their leisure hours they sing their old songs and dance their peasant dances.

And to hear them speak of Communism, so near to their borders, is to make one think of it only as a bad joke. What do they want with Communism, with its empty promises of a Utopia? I was told of a Communist who had come to a village to tell of the new world Communism would bring. Having gathered a crowd of listeners, he chose a peasant to whom he could expound his theory of reformation.

"Now supposing you have two cows, you keep one yourself and give the other to the community. Do you understand?" "Yes, that is excellent."

"If you have four horses, you keep two and give two to the community." "Yes, that is very good."

"If you have six pigs, you keep three and give three to the community." "That is good too."

"And if you have eight sheep, you keep four and give four to the community." The peasant shook his head. "Oh no, that is not good."

"But," cried the exasperated Communist, "you agreed when I told you about the horses, the cows and the pigs." "That is so, since I have no horses, cows or pigs. But I have many sheep."

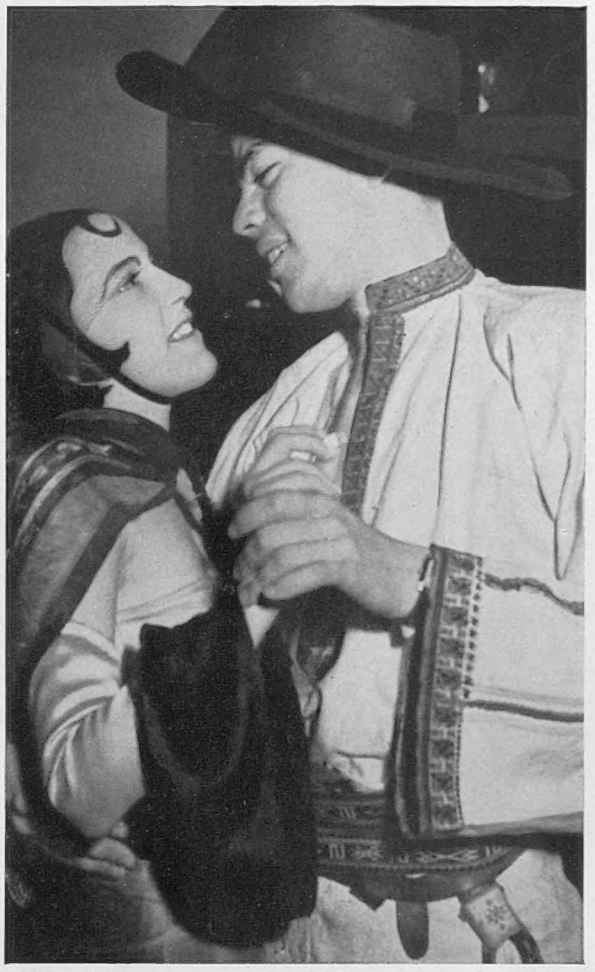
These people are quick-witted, slow to anger and swift to laugh. Their minds have been made supple by centuries of struggling to live free, an isolated race surrounded by hostile nations. They have peace now, and the precious earth they love. For all its difficulties, Rumania is a happy land.

D. J. Hall

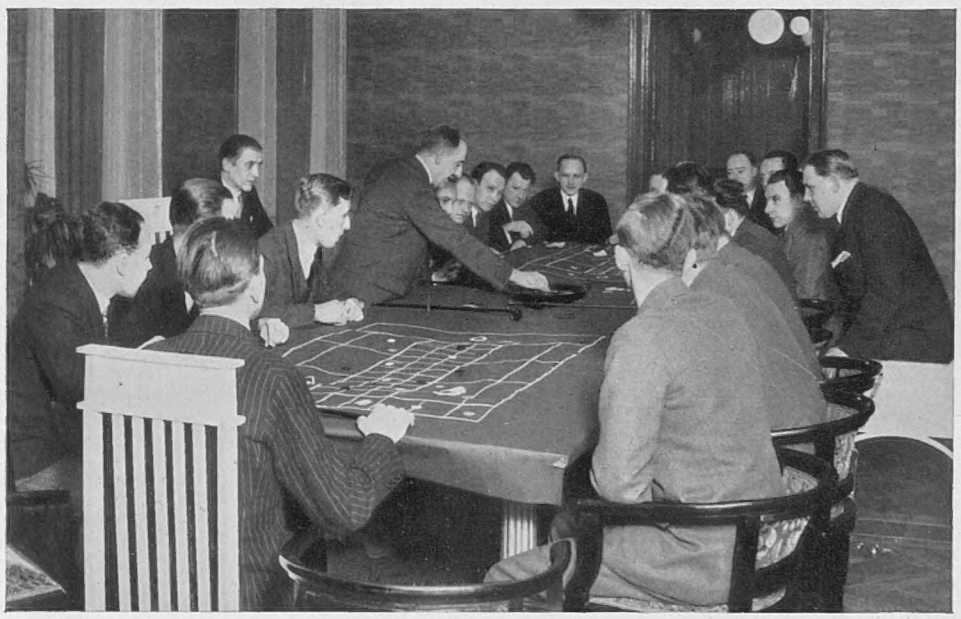
IN THE STREETS OF BUCHAREST: In this winter scene in the Rumanian capital the peasant folk are eating the traditional pastry composed of sugar and walnuts on a festival day

THE WEEK IN EUROPE

PAYING HOMAGE TO A RUMANIAN STRIKE VICTIM: The police force, headed by the Prefect, turned out last week in Bucharest to march in the funeral procession of the police officer who was killed during a charge on railway strikers. Four thousand strikers, mostly Communists, had barricaded themselves in the State Railway Engineering Works, and only after a desperate effort by the police were they dislodged. The men's chief grievance largely centred round the Rumanian Government's order for the suppression of Communist organizations



A LIGHTER NOTE IN MITTEL EUROPA: A happy German couple make merry at Munich's annual carnival, a picture providing a less sombre view of Continental life than others shown on this page



AUSTRIA'S CURE FOR DEPRESSED NATIONAL FINANCES: In an effort to increase her internal revenue Austria is proposing the issue of gaming licences, and private schools for croupiers are springing up where instruction in roulette and other games is provided. An instructor is seen in this picture teaching would-be croupiers the art of roulette

EX-MULTI-MILLIONAIRE NOW POVERTY-STRICKEN: M. Curcioglu, of Georgia, Caucasia, a wealthy Russian who fled to Constantinople at the beginning of the Revolution, and who is now living in uttermost poverty in a small hotel in Bucharest, where he is bedridden. After his flight M. Curcioglu authorized a barrister to safeguard his enormous fortune. The barrister, however, is alleged to have utilized this money for his own benefit, and it is only now after nine years of litigation that the Russian seems likely to regain a part of his vanished wealth. His life has become a legend around which several novels have already been written

POLITICAL RECRIMINATIONS IN HARASSED GERMANY: Reichsbanner leader, Herr Hoeltermann, greets youths who have been wounded by political adversaries on the way to a Reichsbanner demonstration in Berlin Lustgarten. With the approach of yet another election political feeling runs as high as ever, clashes between Nazis and Communists frequently disturbing the city

ONE MONTH of HISTORY: By ALAN BOTT

A Survey of Current Events During February, 1933

A month of diminuendo at home (even the human comedy in the law courts and "society" were below par) and of anxious waiting on world events. It was recognized, as Mr. Roosevelt's March inauguration drew near, that his views and acts would mean more to Great Britain than those of any U.S. President except Washington and Wilson. This was thrown into relief when the bullets of a crazy anarchist luckily missed him. Japan's further "war" with China in Jehol, her condemnation by the League of Nations, and the passing danger that the British Navy might be required to apply League "sanctions" against the Japanese, provoked immediate horror of entry into another war. Britain vetoed the move for sanctions and imposed a national embargo against arms for both Japan and China.

ROUND ABOUT POLITICS.—The Commons were lively when they met after a long holiday. There was ragging of all the Liberals. The Samuelite Liberals had organized a Liberal reunion lunch, at which the Simonite Liberals and the Lloyd George Liberals were not among those present. Mr. Lloyd George had presided over a dinner for his Liberal family-group, plus Major Nathan, who wanted fellow Samuelites to move into Opposition. After alarums and excursions, Major Nathan, alone of the Samuelites, crossed the floor.

Politicians took down their bibles and quoted Zechariah xii, 12: "The land shall mourn, every family apart; the family of the House of David apart, the family of the House of Nathan apart." A biblical concordance states that the name Nathan means "a gift."

THE FIRST TEN YEARS . . .—All this seemed trivial in face of unemployment as an urgent, overwhelming problem. Figures for January showed an increase of 180,000 registered unemployed, Over 3,000,000 people were without work. The country was committed to spending £130,000,000 a year—£250 a minute—to keep them in idleness.

The problem was focused by a Socialist Vote of Censure. There had been faint signs that something was stirring among those in authority. Mr. J. H. Thomas had hinted that the Government intended new measures. Optimism was dashed (1) by an uncompromising letter from the Premier to the Bethnal Green Borough Council (the Death Knell Green letter, Mr. Churchill called it) refusing permission for municipal relief works, and (2) the Chancellor's statement that he could not look forward to the reduction of unemployment to comparatively small figures *within the next ten years*.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain called this attitude towards unemployment "qualified optimism"! Pessimists compared it with Kitchener's famous prophecy of a "three years' war." Public opinion again began to demand slum clearances and more productive schemes. Urgings came from the Northern Group, on a motion tabled by Mr. Harold Macmillan, asking for "a policy of employment expansion both public and private, taking advantage of the easy credit situation." Mr. A. S. Comyns Carr, K.C., submitted an alluring memorandum whereby employers should be called upon to work full staffs, with guarantees against loss up to the present cost of the dole.

The vote of censure was overwhelmingly rejected by the Government's docile majority.

WHERE THE MONEY GOES.—Only a threat of war can rouse this docile majority into individual independence. Even the Premier's refusal to promise any Parliamentary discussion of a War Debt settlement with America, before it was sealed and practically delivered, did not rouse it. There was, however, sectional opposition to the guarantee of yet more millions loaned to Austria at a time when Austria was infringing her peace treaty by dabbling in arms-transport from Italy to Hungary. Young Robert Boothby and younger Brendan Bracken distinguished themselves in these financial discussions.

CHIME FROM ST. STEPHEN'S.—Mr. George Lansbury was proceeding to reply when Viscountess Astor made an interjection. Mr. Lansbury: "Your mother ought to have flogged you." (Loud laughter.) The right hon. gentleman went on to say that the position of the Opposition was perfectly simple, when Viscountess Astor, rising to a point of order, asked whether the right hon. gentleman really believed in people flogging children.

BIG PARADE.—Police Commissioner Lord Trenchard mobilized 15,000 police and auxiliaries, in fighting order, to cope with a giant Sunday demonstration in Hyde Park, organized by all the Labour parties against Government inaction over unemployment. There had been rumours of Communist disturbance as during the so-called "hunger march" to London.

The 15,000 had field kitchens, despatch riders, wireless vans, ambulances, and spare horses. Secret reserves were ready, marquees were erected, park shelters were turned into observation towers and telephone controls. Special constables took over traffic control. Marble Arch was turned into a loose-box for spare horses. Lord Trenchard himself, unnoticed, was present in civilian clothes, an old mackintosh, and an umbrella. Column upon column of orderly trade unionists, co-operatives, and Labour supporters marched to the Park on the day. Some 200,000 were expected to attend. Some 30,000 did, including Arthur Greenwood, Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Bevin, Arthur Morrison, Old Uncle George Lansbury and all. "The only unruly element was the wind, which tore some of the red banners into shreds."

OXFORD'S CRAZY SYMPHONY.—The undergraduates of the Oxford Union got themselves into headlines through carrying, by 275 votes to 153, a motion "That the House will in no circumstances fight for King and Country." While

By courtesy of "Time" (New York)

FIVE THOUSAND MILES TO RECAPTURE LETICIA: Events in the South American continent seldom provide cause for surprise; bloodshed and internal warfare are too much everyday occurrences to cause even more than mild disapproval in Geneva itself. This remarkable war diagram shows the route of the Colombian warships which sailed recently 5,000 miles round the coast of South America and up the Amazon to relieve the disputed town of Leticia, storm centre of the present Peruvian-Colombian controversy. This action follows the seizure of Leticia last September by Peruvian troops, when the town's Colombian officials were expelled and President Luiz M. Sanchez upheld the action of his countrymen

a pacifist resolution was normal, the wording seemed an absurd piece of youthful exhibitionism. "Alma Mater," "Oxon," "Sexaginarius," and the rest hurried to give tongue in the Press:—

> "Silly posing from a lot of ill-educated boys . . . not only a foul joke, but a serious declaration of foul opinion . . . nauseous slime . . . quaint young people . . . the woozy-minded Communists and sexual indeterminates have scored a great success in publicity . . . I suggest to decent-minded youth that they get this offensive motion erased from the minutes."

"Decent-minded youth" and hearties in quest of a rag raided the Union at its next meeting, snaffled the minutes from under the nose of the Indian secretary, tore the pages into bits, and brought them to the Martyrs' Memorial. Last year's treasurer addressed Mr. F. M. Hardie, president of the Union: "Sir, even if you are not prepared to defend your King and Country, you should have defended the Minute Book." Police were hidden in the Union building for the following week's meeting, and it was arranged that if disturbers entered the doors would be closed and they would be caught "like rats in a trap."

The Union (which contains many Hindus and never represents Oxford thought in general) got still more notice when Lord Stanley of Alderley and Mr. Randolph Churchill, young post-graduates, arranged a motion to expunge from the minutes the blather about King and Country. Mr. Hardie announced that there would be no welcome for Mr. Randolph Churchill when he came to Oxford.

CONTINENTAL RUMBLINGS.—A Terror descended on all Adolf Hitler's political opponents after he became German Chancellor. Election meetings were broken up, thousands were beaten, hundreds of protesting newspapers were suppressed. The "private armies" of Nazis and Nationalists were enrolled as official but partisan police. Political shootings multiplied. Captain Goehring, Hitler's lieutenant in the Cabinet, announced: "When my officers shoot, the bullets are mine." Herr Hitler proclaimed that if next Sunday's elections gave him no majority, he would rule outside the Constitution. Symbolically the Reichstag Hall was gutted by incendiaries and the Nazis showed alacrity in bringing the outrage home to the Reds, and issued warrants for the arrest of the hundred odd Communist deputies.

A new "Balance of Power" crossed the horizon when the Little Entente made a treaty of mutual protection in face of supposed dangers from Italy, Hungary, and Germany. It was forecast that Poland would soon join herself to this military bloc formed by Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania.

The chief Japanese delegate made polite but impassioned exit from the League of Nations, after judgment had gone against his country for the occupation of Manchuria.

HIGH SEAS MUTINY.—Piratical colour recalling the Spanish Main, or Sir Henry Morgan's West Indies, attached to a mutiny in the Dutch battleship, *De Zeven Provincien*, in the East Indies. The native crew mutinied when the officers were ashore, weighed anchor and set out for the unknown, followed by the captain in a Government ship and a squadron of cruisers and smaller craft. Modernity took possession when the mutineers on this Flying Dutchman wirelessed a message, in English, to "the World's Press" announcing their destination as Sourabaya and their object a protest against wage cuts. It was signed "The Crew." The mutiny ended with cries of "Heaven help us!" and "Mercy!" as a 100-lb. bomb from a Dornier Wahl flying boat found its mark. Forty men were hit, including some Dutch officers imprisoned on board.

WOMEN IN THE NEWS.—Two Margarets were the news girls-of-the-month. The first, Miss Margaret Kruis, was admired by millions for her quick action when a half-demented man named Zangara shot at President-elect Roosevelt during a ceremony on Miami Beach, Florida. Being next to Zangara she deflected his hand as he shot wildly. Mr. Roosevelt escaped, although the six bullets wounded Mayor Cermak of Chicago seriously, and other onlookers lightly. Mr. Roosevelt stopped his car to take on board the wounded mayor, whom he tended on the way to hospital.

Miss Kruis, also in hospital for a grazed hand from the revolver, was interviewed by transatlantic telephone from London, and one newspaper, "in the name of the British people," congratulated her on being a very brave girl. "Of course I don't know about banquets and presentations, but Mr. Roosevelt came to my bedside to thank me, and we had a little chat—he said a lot of perfectly sweet things, and I tried to say something just as sweet." The young lady, for the rest, was "a very decided blonde."

Tucked away below the transocean interview was a statement that Zangara had to be strapped to the luggage carrier of a police car as protection against a frenzied crowd that tore off most of his clothes. Later, sentenced to eighty years' imprisonment for wounding the bystanders, he cried in court, "Go on, judge, don't be stingy, make it a hundred."

HAIL THE BRIDE.—The wedding of Miss Margaret Whigham, much-paragraphed débutante of a season or two back, became an event because of her exceptional beauty, and steady attendance at places where they dine and sup in paragraph limelight. Brompton Oratory contained, besides the 1,000 invited guests, many pew-crashers from outside, who scrambled upon chairs to see the glamorous girl. At the reception flowers were plucked from her bouquet and thrown to the crowd outside, to be kissed by frenzied women. Bridegroom, Mr. Charles Sweeny.

Even the cattiest of the gossip-boys recorded a remark that Miss Whigham was "the best bride since Lily Elsie." Further observations from the same basket:—

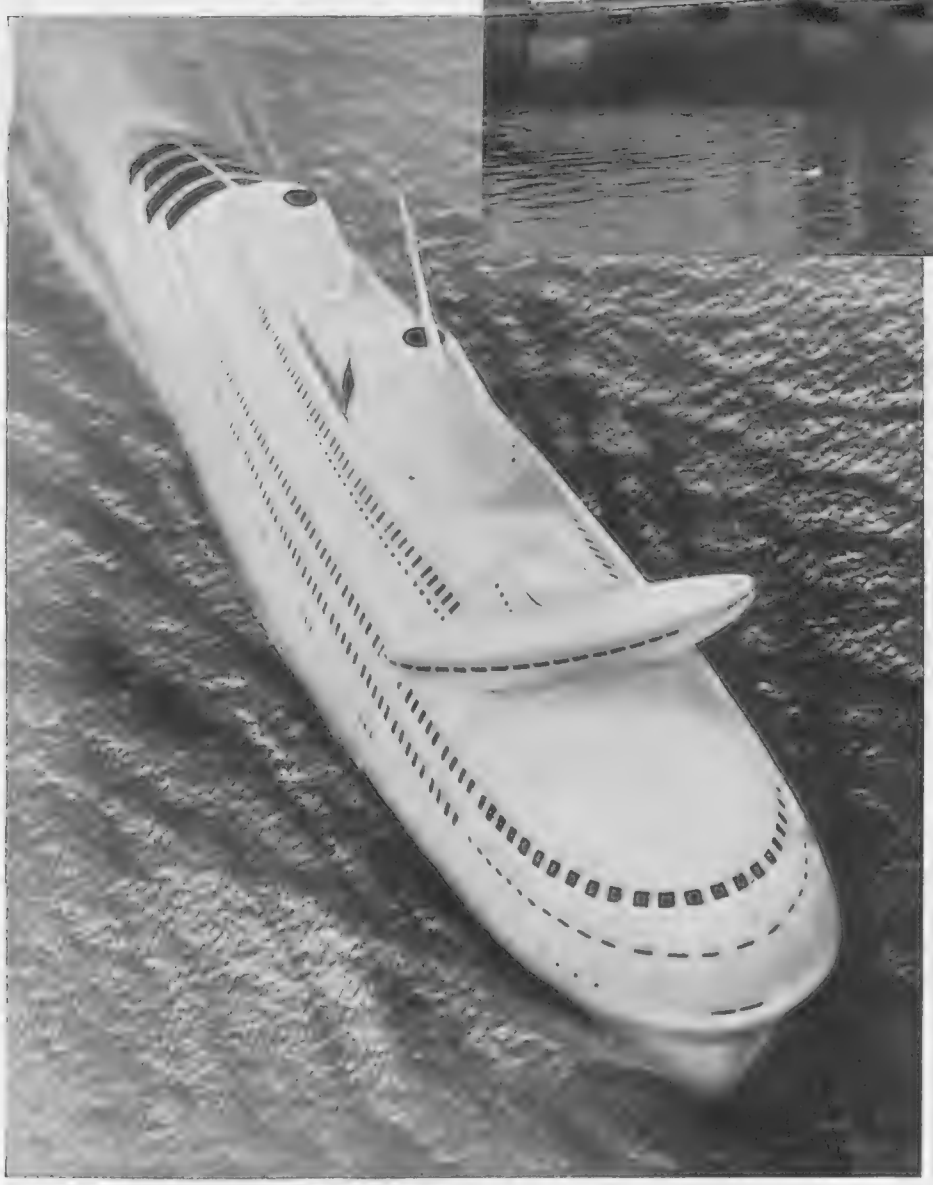
> A woman in the crowd holding a pair of love-birds in a cage as the bride arrived.
>
> I am afraid I annoyed Mrs. Thursby, Lady Milbanke, and Lord Illingworth . . . by discovering an electric lift at the back which disgorged me on the first floor, landing well ahead of them.

(Continued on page 306)

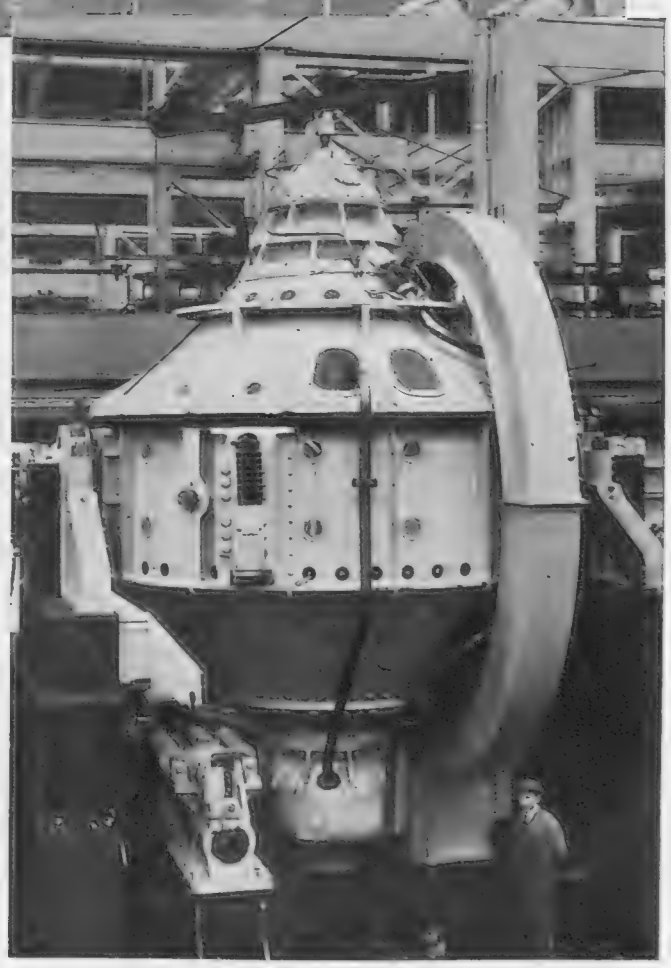
SHIPS of TO-DAY and a Possibility of TO-MORROW

Above—ON THE MEASURED MILE: The new 22,000-ton Furness-Withy liner, *Queen of Bermuda*, running her trials on the Clyde, in which she achieved a speed of 21 knots, preparatory to her maiden voyage across the Atlantic. She is a sister ship of the *Monarch of Bermuda*, and will run with that vessel on the New York–Bermuda route. The *Queen of Bermuda* was built and launched by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong at Barrow-in-Furness

On right—FOR MADAGASCAR AND INDO-CHINA: The new French liner, *Marshal Joffre*, of the Messageries Maritimes Company, in La Ciotat harbour, near Marseilles, before beginning her maiden trip to Madagascar. Of over 14,000 tons displacement, and similar in construction to the *Jean Laborde*, she is to travel alternately on the East Africa-Madagascar–Mauritius and French Indo-China routes. The two vessels present an interesting contrast in funnels



A STREAM-LINE LINER: Evidently realizing the ever increasing demand for speed on the part of the shipping companies, Mr. Norman Bel Geddes, an American engineer, has constructed a model of a new stream-lined ocean-going steamer, designed to reduce wind and water resistance to a minimum. All parts of the steamer offering resistance are enclosed within the hull, the only protruding part, the bridge, being modelled in the form of aeroplane wings. Although its somewhat ungainly lines may not exactly appeal to the lover of the ship beautiful, experiments have shown that its scientific design makes for an outstanding increase in speed



DESIGNED TO MINIMISE SEA-SICKNESS: A gigantic Sperry Gyro-stabiliser of the type installed on the new 45,000-ton Italian liner *Conte di Savoia*. The stabiliser, which operates on the principle of a spinning top, is calculated to reduce a ship's motion to the minimum. The three stabilisers of 110 tons used on the *Conte di Savoia* were built by Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong under the supervision of the Sperry Gyroscope Company, Ltd.

THE HAREM TO-DAY

Although Fading Away Through Adverse Economic Conditions, the Harem Still Exists in Many Moslem Countries. Its Present Condition is Discussed

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Above—TO TURKISH EMANCIPATION: This remarkable monument to the Ghazi in Taxim Square, Pera, denotes the change which has come over the people of the former Ottoman Empire, the representation of the human form being absolutely contrary to the tenets of the Muhammadan creed. Note in the background the figure of a woman without the veil. *Right*—KERIMAN HALIS HANOUN, the eighteen-year-old girl who was "Miss Turkey, 1932," and who was later, at Spa, elected "Miss Universe"

Throughout the half-dozen countries comprising the Near and Middle East—Turkey, Iraq, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, and the mandated territories of Palestine and Syria—the question of the future status of womanhood may be said to be up for consideration in greater or lesser degree. A prevalent notion that the matter has been decided in favour of the emancipation of women will be found erroneous. There have been striking changes in feminine life and morals during the past fifteen years—some places are hardly to be recognized, for the exposed features and public circulation of women—yet if one cares to take a round trip, in the mind's eye it will soon be apparent that the so-called cradle of civilization, with perhaps its 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 inhabitants all told, is still a long way from accepting the supersession of the time-honoured Moslem attitude towards women. And this, despite the fixed policy of the greatest of Moslems, the Ghazi.

In the Taxim quarter of Istambul there stands a monument which, probably more than anything else, started the business rolling. This is a statue of Mustapha Kemal. Behind him a woman is throwing back her veil, symbolical not only of liberation for her kind, but also of the one road back, for Turkey, to the position and prestige of yore. The Ghazi permits women still to wear the tcharchaf, but just as his orders have had the effect of clamping down a myriad of soft felt hats or caps on male heads, so he has made a point of regulating the veil; permission must be secured to cover the face.

This is not often sought after, at least in the chief towns and by the post-War generation. Sometimes a husband of tradition may ask it for a girl-wife he is marrying; more often the request is made on behalf of women of the older generation who have lived the life of the harem. But as for Miss Turkey—as not long since represented by Keriman Hanoun, who became "Miss Universe" at Spa—away with the veil and on rather with the béret! Keriman Hanoun, when she exposed her face to the world and won, sent a telegram of homage to Angora, and therein most town Turkish girls of the younger generation joined from the heart. They go into ecstasies over their Ghazi and over the "new code" he has given them.

"He has understood that we have a soul, a brain! He allows us to earn our living! He has given us intellectual and legal equality! We may marry foreigners, too. And go out and about, where we like, instead of being covered up like corpses! We breathe where our mothers suffocated!"

Such is the enthusiastic reaction of erstwhile Constantinople, and of one or two other places. But it would be wrong to suppose that Mustapha is having it all his own way in his recasting of the lives of Turkish women. Just as he has encountered difficulty in making people pray in Turkish instead of Arabic, so is he meeting with opposition as lifter of the veil—and not alone from men.

In many instances women themselves realize what they have lost in the old protective harem and are not anxious that they—or their daughters—should go out into the world to face several of the alterations and reforms imposed by the Ghazi. Women must now contribute to the household expenses, and are also held partly responsible for a husband's debts. They must, moreover, provide part "dots" where formerly the man provided all. Nor may they dispose of their possessions as once they could. Formerly, in the harem, wives had the right to do as they liked with their fortunes and property. The harem was sure and certain (so aver the elder women). Now a Turkish girl will not only find it far harder to get a husband, with monogamy gaining, but she has increasingly to earn her own living, and with unemployment rife is experiencing a thinnish time. Hence all the suicides and lost ones. So runs the senior argument, rounded out by this philosophy: "We were happy as in a dream, for never knowing anything else. No politics, no cinemas, no education, no newspapers, hardly any outer-world awareness or worry."

In the background of this odd Turkish difference of opinion, as between pre-War and post-War femininity, and in the course of which the younger women sometimes figure as pathetic enough replicas of the past, despite their emancipation . . . over-sentimental, lethargic, unready, not yet taking to sport or even dancing . . . in the background looms the harem. What is to be its future? One thing at present seems definite; the question, yea or nay, has not yet been anywhere really decided.

Officially, the Ghazi has moved his country off polygamy, but in essence it is hardly so. A large number of Turks had thrown over the system of four wives, anyway, on account of slump times. They could not afford it; nor the attendant concubines. Since then many of the younger Turks have grown genuinely used to going about with one wife, unveiled, in Western style—taking her to cinemas and even to restaurants. Yet where a Turk really wants to preserve a harem he has little difficulty. This is observable notably in such places as Smyrna and Brusa. Under the new law the wives have simply become concubines. A husband may not repudiate a real wife any more. Therefore, those inclined to the harem take concubines instead, and of these there is no lack, parents often bringing their girls, in order to protect these, as mentioned above, from the dangers of a westernizing world.

As regards Turkey then, the old seraglios of multitudinous wives and concubines have gone for ever. But a substitute form of small, unmarried harem, strictly economic, continues to thrive and, incidentally, is not without causing bother to the League of Nations on account of clandestine shippings in its direction.

A FORCE IN THE NEAR EAST: Mme Charaoui Pasha, President of the Egyptian National Society for Women's Rights, and leader of the feminist movement in Egypt

The relative absence of feminine emancipation, as bestowed by the Ghazi, is at once apparent in the mandated cities of Damascus and Jerusalem. Turkish until 1917–18, there is currently a strong reaction in local Moslem circles against all that "Miss Universe" stands for. Syria and Palestine, under French and British rule, are hardly responsive to that symbolic statue up at Taxim. The local Arab is not yet as the Turk in these matters—not even nominally. True, harems are far less in number and smaller, and Western influences have not been idle, but it is at least doubtful if your true Arab will ever be weaned from the harem save by rude economics. These may prevail where high-sounding "female emancipation" may not make much odds, since, other things apart, it is a tall order to expect women whose mothers have been steeped in semi-animal lethargy for centuries suddenly to alter completely in character, outlook, brain, and energy.

Through Syria and Palestine are sprinkled oases of feminine teaching and enlightenment, colleges, institutes, "literature" centres, and the like, and libraries aver women to be the best customers by far, yet one has only to instance latter-day happenings in Damascus to tackle such generalities as "harems are finished," "the women of Islam are starving," and so forth.

In somewhat fanatical Damascus has occurred a wave of conservatism which, in view of the awakening of Arab nationalism, may easily spread. "Westernizing" womanhood has especially attracted attention. Many have been chased back down the years to the cries of "To the harem! to the

(Continued on a later page)

THE CHANGING HAREM: Where the harem still flourishes in Egypt many of the women, as this picture shows, model their dress on Western styles, although the Oriental love of abundant adornment is not completely subjugated by London and Parisian simplicity

Above—A CAIRO HAREM: The courtyard of the Camal-ed-Din House showing the barred harem windows. *Left*—An Egyptian harem beauty of to-day seen without the veil. Women's emancipation is proceeding rapidly in Egypt

ANCIENT and MODERN in CHINA TO-DAY

A TYRANNICAL CUSTOM IN THE CHINA OF YESTERDAY: The practice of binding women's feet, now happily dying out, inflicted a physical distortion upon the young children submitted to it which reduced them to little more than tottering cripples. This illustration shows a Chinese footbinder paying a professional call

IN THE "CITY OF RAMS": An orchestra in a restaurant in Canton, the great commercial port of Southern China. On account of its large floating population of seamen the city abounds in restaurants such as this, and nearly all of them can boast an orchestra. The woman on the right is a "sing-song" girl, or professional entertainer

ORIENTAL INSCRUTABILITY: The statue of Kwanyin which decorates the glass altar of the temple at Pu To Shan in the Province of Chekiang, China. The marble goddess has survived for over a thousand years, and to all appearances remains in the same state of preservation as when it was first placed in position

SPECIFICS OF HIS CRAFT: This is not the old junk of a curiosity shop, but the store of a Chinese chemist in Harbin, Manchukuo. The dried snakes, tortoises and crocodiles, as well as the entrails of beasts of prey, are mixed with the various salves and plasters which the chemist retails

AN EASTERN MEDICINE: The bodies of unborn deer, obtained in Siberia, are sold to Chinese chemists, who prize them for their curative properties

ADVERTISING IN THE EAST: A live bear chained near the entrance of a chemist's store in Harbin. The gall of bears is said to have outstanding healing powers, and the chemist wishes to advertise that he has the genuine article

MEN WHO CONTROL

Being Part III of "A New State in the

HEAD OF THE NEW STATE: His Excellency Mr. Henry Pu Yi, Chief Executive of Manchukuo, seen making a speech

Military barracks be they at Aldershot or Sidi bel Abes look much the same, in fact the headquarters of the Kwantung army at Changchun reminded me of the famous infantry barracks of the Foreign Legion. A many-storeyed red brick building with the Imperial Chrysanthemum Badge in gold above its doorway, a spacious parade ground dominated by rows and rows of windows, soldiers hurrying about or falling in for squad drill or musketry, khaki and rifles everywhere. But though to all intents and purposes these buildings are barracks, they likewise comprise the offices of the Commander-in-Chief and general staff of the Japanese army in Manchuria.

I carried a letter of introduction to General Nobuyoshi Muto in his capacity of Ambassador to Manchukuo, but as I visited him at the army headquarters it was in the rôle of Commander-in-Chief that he received me! The Embassy and the ambassadorial offices are next door to the barracks, so that His Excellency can hurry from one building to the other according to the business he wishes to transact. However, in spite of my letter emanating from the Foreign Office in Tokio, I was taken up to the general's room by a major of the general staff, who bowed me into his presence.

General Muto sat at a broad desk in a long-windowed, light room, and rising as I entered greeted me in the most friendly fashion. Small in stature, with a sad, almost weary look in his eyes, the Commander-in-Chief rather suggested a retired British general than a fierce queller of bandits; he spoke softly with an old-world courteous charm.

We sat down and lighting cigarettes, sipped black tea with sugar, which I supposed was served in my honour in place of the usual green tea, and then slowly the general began asking me questions about my life in the army, my reasons for visiting Japan and Manchukuo, until I suddenly realized that it was I who was being interviewed. However, once I had satisfied his curiosity I began asking him his views on the situation. For a while his replies were non-committal, and then, as if suddenly unable to remain the diplomatist any longer, he leant forward and said earnestly: "Does no one realize, do not your fellow-countrymen understand that this red menace which we are fighting in Manchukuo is a danger to the whole world? If we do not help these people to establish a strong State in Manchuria, Bolshevik propaganda will overrun the whole country.

"Surely it should be for England to encourage Japan to carry on with the work she is doing. Your country would not like to see a red neighbour to India, and, even laying aside political thoughts, cannot the British see that a peaceful, well-organized Manchuria and North China, rid of its war-lords, will make business prosper. We have no territorial ambitions; all we want to create is a country which will ward off the red menace.

The general lapsed into silence and a resigned, almost sad smile spread over his face as ifhe was thinking: "What's the good of saying all this. These people are biased and it's no good trying to convince them by words." We parted a few minutes later and I could not help feeling drawn towards this courteous old gentleman with whose views I was much in sympathy.

I do not think that however long I may live I shall ever forget Lieut.-General Koiso, chief of the staff to the Kwantung army. He is one of those tremendous men, mentally and physically, whose personality would be felt in any country and under any government. Broad shouldered, thick set, with a round, closely cropped head, General Koiso looks at his visitors with sharp eyes sparkling with intelligence and a sense of humour. When he speaks it is decisively and when he laughs it is because he is amused; there is no soft diplomacy about the chief of the staffs, he knows what he wants to say and he says it in as few words as possible.

Curiously enough, while I was introduced to the ambassador by a soldier, I was presented to the chief of the staff by a member of the Diplomatic Corps. Whereas I had bowed to General Muto I instinctively stood to attention when General Koiso came suddenly into the room, and I remained rigid until he had finished looking me over, and then, taking the proffered chair, sat down, feeling rather as I had when a Sandhurst cadet on a ceremonial parade at the R.M.C., and glanced nervously at my boots to see if they had the regulation polish. . . .

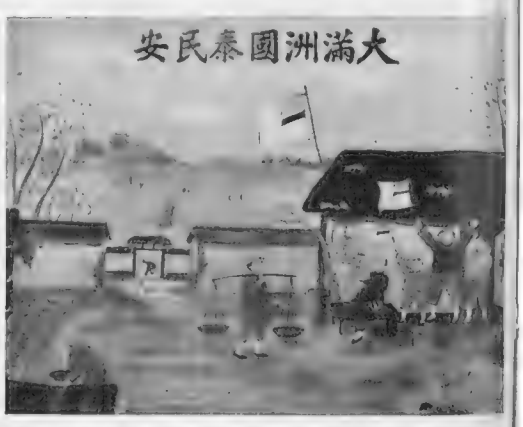
General Koiso did not want to know anything about me (he had probably found out all he wanted before I set foot in Changchun), and he began at once telling me all about what he was doing, of what he was going to do, talking rapidly and convincingly without any polite preliminaries. Every now and then his eyes would become set in a hard menacing stare, and as soon again twinkle merrily; it was impossible not to be attracted and dominated by his personality.

He spoke bitterly about Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang's policy in North China, his lack of foresight in continuing to stir up strife in Manchukuo, and his stupidity in challenging and provoking the Japanese army.

"Japan has no quarrel with China," he said decisively, "and we shall do all in our power to avoid open conflict, but if Chang Hsueh-liang continues to make trouble and to attack our troops without reason, then we shall know how to deal with the situation!" His mouth closed with a snap, and I felt that if he had been able to speak English fluently he would have said, "If I could get hold of that damned little swine I'd wring his neck!" which, moreover, he could do with the greatest of ease, for not only is General Koiso mentally superior to the effete little Marshal, but he is a man with a pair of hands made to be feared by anyone who is not very strong.

I do not know if General Koiso will ever have the opportunity of boxing Chang Hsueh-liang's ears, but I would not like to find myself that man's adversary in peace or war. He is a comparatively young man, and I am certain that, if he has reasonable luck, his name will be world known before long.

POLITICAL RULER OF MANCHUKUO: Mr. Cheng Hsio Hsu, Prime Minister of Manchukuo. A new portrait from Changchun



THE IDEAL STATE: In his article last week Mr. Bodley discussed the system of propaganda employed in the villages of the new State, where speakers are describing to the inhabitants of outlying districts the advantages of their lot under the Manchukuan flag. The poster shown above is a further example of Japanese proselytism, the prosperous pastoral scene illustrating the idyllic existence which Manchukuo hopes to make possible for her people in the near future

MEN OF NOTE IN THE MANCHUKUAN CAPITAL: Left to right—The Prime Minister, Mr. Cheng Hsio Hsu; General Muto, Ambassador to Manchukuo and Commander-in-Chief of the Kwantung army; and Mr. Hyashi, General Muto's secretary

The Foreign Office at Changchun appears to have once been an hotel, for it has a great marble slab bar in the entrance hall behind which numbers of Chinese doze. Whereas, at the Kwantung headquarters, the visitor's card is immediately taken and presented to the person on whom one is calling by an alert Japanese on duty, at the Foreign Office no one takes any notice of callers, and unless one is most persistent one may have to wait half an hour before one of the comatose Chinamen will rouse himself to see if one can be received.

Mr. Ohashi, Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs, struck one of those sudden contrasts with the men of G.H.Q. which make life amusing. A squat

THE DESTINIES OF MANCHUKUO

Making"

By R. V. C. BODLEY

HIGH OFFICIALS OF THE NEW STATE ENJOY A TEMPORARY RELAXATION FROM BUSINESS: Left to right (facing camera)—Mr. Cheng Hsio Hsu, Prime Minister; General Muto; Mr. Henry Pu Yi, Chief Executive of Manchukuo; and Lieut.-General Koiso, Chief of Staff of the Kwantung army

little chap, wearing the orthodox tail-coat of all Japanese Government officials on duty, but who spoke on the most unexpected subject. The decay of idealism in the world!

"Modern inventions and what we call Westernization have been the ruin of the East," he said in deliberate, studied English; "machinery is taking charge of us and soon we shall be the slaves of what we have created. Look at Tokio roaring with tramways and taxis. Can one sleep there, can one meditate, can one be oneself?" As he paused and stared thoughtfully at me I ventured to suggest that Manchukuo might be a very good opportunity to start a State based on Ohasian ideals.

"Too late," replied the Vice-Minister without hesitation; "we are caught up in the cogs of Western civilization and we cannot extricate ourselves. Can *you* escape from it?" I nodded, and began to tell of my voluntary exile in the Sahara Desert among the Arabs who did not allow worldly complications to bother them. The vice-minister listened attentively and as I left said meditatively: "Well, when all this is over and if I have a little money to spare, perhaps I will come and join you in the desert. It might be a solution to life's problems."

But though Mr. Ohashi spoke in this unorthodox manner, I have a shrewd suspicion that, while perhaps an idealist at heart, he has one of those extremely practical brains which do not count for nothing in the reorganization of Manchukuo.

The Chief Executive of Manchukuo, His Excellency Henry Pu Yi, is one of the most difficult men to approach. This is due to two causes, the first being journalists. Now, journalists are either gentlemen or cads and, though regrettable to note, it is the latter category who are regarded as the most successful. Unfortunately, Mr. Pu Yi has experienced these sensation hunters who, regardless of

WARNING: Another example of Manchukuan propaganda, illustrating the terrible fate of the Chinese who do not accept Manchukuo as a Government, and the happiness of those who are fortunate enough to recognize their advantages. On the right of the poster are seen members of the new State bearing the Manchukuan flag and grasping the hand of officialdom, whose intention it is to weld the new country into a prosperous and contented nation

any finer feelings have blundered into his house, asked him impertinent questions, and written up articles making fun of his government, his clothes, his intimate thoughts. It seems incredible that men who are outwardly quite pleasant folk to meet should forget the first principles of decency for the sake of what they consider to be humour. However, the main consequence of this behaviour has been for the Executive of Manchukuo to be distrustful of anyone who asks for an interview on behalf of a paper and generally to refuse to see journalists.

If I was received it was by disclaiming all connection with daily newspapers and promising only to talk on matters unconnected with politics.

The second reason why Mr. Pu Yi is difficult to see is a matter of bureaucracy, for in spite of the unique opportunity to make of Manchukuo a model State where formalities no longer exist, little by little offices have multiplied so that, whereas a comparatively short time ago an intending visitor could make a direct application for an interview, it has all now to pass through a ceremonial department, and I know not what else, to obtain the desired audience.

The Chief Executive lives in a big, rambling building of many courtyards, once the offices of the Salt Gabelle in Changchun, suggestive of a dingy edition of the lower officials' quarters in the Forbidden City. Before reaching the presidential quarters I had to pass through a number of minor offices, and was finally ushered into a large waiting-room filled with settees and little tables, rather like a sitting-room of a provincial hotel in England. A number of Manchukuan officers in very neat khaki uniforms of Japanese cut sat about drinking tea and, rising ceremoniously as I entered, bowed and returned to their tea. A nice-looking old gentleman with a kindly smile—I think it was the Prime Minister—hurried into the room, made a comprehensive bow, and hurried out again. It was my turn.

I walked across a series of bitterly cold courtyards and was led into a smaller building, up some stairs, along a passage and into a comfortably furnished sitting-room in the middle of which His Excellency Mr. Henry Pu Yi stood and, coming forward, smiled at me in a friendly way as he scrutinized me through tinted glasses. I had a number of vivid impressions which followed each other so quickly that they all seemed one—long beautiful hands, a high forehead, great frailty of body, and an excellent cut of clothes. Mr. Pu Yi is usually depicted in the Press as wearing a stiff collar, a sombre morning coat, and a stove pipe hat which do not do him justice, but to-day he appeared quite different in a smart blue suit which obviously came from the hands of an English cutter; they were not just well-fitting clothes, but had that unmistakable stamp of England; the silk collar and tie and shoes were also clearly of British inspiration; in fact I suddenly felt very shabby in my old travelling suit.

We sat down, and I realized that he looked doubtfully from me to the interpreter, evidently expecting some leading or impertinent question, but when I began asking him about friends we had in common in North China his whole attitude altered. He seemed to relax, and in a few moments we were laughing together with the greatest cordiality, for though he spoke to me through the interpreter, it was quite clear that he understood every word I said. His Chinese had a strange, soft intonation quite different from the harsh sounds to which one is accustomed in the street, and his intelligent eyes were alive as he questioned me about my travels. There was a great charm about his personality and at the same time something unmistakably imperial in his bearing which all the hardships and disillusions he has endured have not effaced.

I was very sorry to say good-bye, but I realized that, in spite of his cordiality, Pu Yi looked weary and none too well. My friend, Mr. Ma Meng-hsuing, who interpreted, told me that the Chief Executive was at work from early morning until late evening, tiring himself out in the conscientious accomplishment of his duties.

Having kept my promise about not talking politics to Mr. Pu Yi, I felt that I was justified in asking Mr. Ma (who is a Pekinese of the old regime) about the presidential household. He informed me that many of the old court officials, of the days when the Imperial City was still Imperial, had returned to their former master, that his servants came from Peking, and that he had an excellent Chinese cook. Mr. Ma, moreover, always addressed the Chief Executive as "Your Majesty," but did not kowtow or walk backwards out of the room.

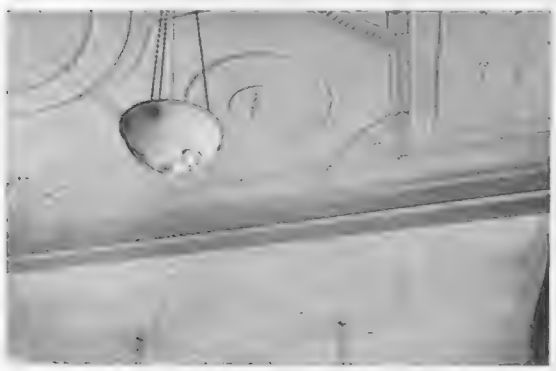
What seemed to me a pity was that as this little Court has been formed the old-time costumes have not been revived; Chinamen wear their black and blue gowns as a matter of course, so why enforce European clothes when the national dress is so much more picturesque? However, as the Japanese discard their kimonos as soon as they leave the office, there must be some good reason for this outwardly peculiar habit. However, whether ceremonial dress is revived or the form of government altered, the Chief Executive has the brains and the personality to be a great deal more than a mere figurehead, and I feel certain that with a little good fortune he will succeed in leading the country of his forefathers to prosperity.

DEFENDERS OF MANCHUKUO: General Muto, Commander-in-Chief of the Kwantung army, dining with prominent members of his fighting force. This picture, with the others on these pages, arrived a few days ago with Mr. Bodley's article from Manchukuo

By courtesy of Rimell & Son, Duke Street, St. James's

THE LONDON OF YESTERDAY: Adelphi Terrace as an artist of the last century visualized its southern aspect. Its threatened destruction is to come under discussion in the House of Lords on March 16, when the Adelphi Bill will be introduced by Lord Newton

IN THE SAVAGE CLUB: Although the exterior of the Adelphi has suffered from time to time, much of the interior remains in its original state of preservation. This Adam fireplace in the Savage Club remains quite unspoilt



No. 6, ADELPHI TERRACE: *Above*—The exterior of the Savage Club. *Left*—This is a noteworthy example of an Adam ceiling, survival of a restrained style which immediately preceded an iconoclastic period delighting in size and vulgar ostentation

At the period when this picture was painted (it is preserved in the Savage Club) there was a narrow quayside below the arches

THE ADELPHI IN 1768: An old view described by the artist as a scheme for giving easy access to the Strand

IN THE LAST CENTURY: Adam Street, Adelphi, as it was some forty years ago. The late Mr. Austin Brereton wrote an interesting *Literary History of the Adelphi*

AT THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A print by T. Malton of Adelphi Terrace in 1795, as it was a quarter of a century after the Adams had built it. The terrace was at one time the home of Dr. Johnson and Garrick. (By courtesy of Rimell, St. James's)

THE ADELPHI

A Plea for its Preservation

By E. Beresford Chancellor, F.S.A.

Is nothing to be preserved in our city of the interesting and picturesque relics of an earlier day? The great London mansions have been falling about our ears on all sides, our finest thoroughfare has been converted into a passage between overgrown and pretentious erections, and we are only just recovering from the shock produced by the suggestion that Nash's most dignified and characteristic terrace of houses should be demolished when rumours are in the air that the Adelphi is threatened and may at any moment go to join the innumerable architectural victims of a mania for change and novelty. Why is it that the envious eyes of the despoiler seem never to be cast on some of the hideous monstrosities that really might be destroyed without our feeling a pang or without our losing a single stone sentient either with associative interest or architectural beauty?

I suppose we have never had an architect, save Wren, who has caught the popular imagination to the same extent as Robert Adam. The delicate charm of his interior decorations, and the excellence of his large and light though imposing façades, have given his name to a period in decorative history which for ever marks him as one of the greatest British architects and designers.

In London there are, in addition to many lesser examples of his special genius, two outstanding ones: Lansdowne House, representing in its completest form his conception of a great mansion, and the Adelphi as a type of a more ample development, in which the façades of a number of small houses, by means of the special treatment beloved by him and his brothers, have been made to produce the effect of single large ones. Well, Lansdowne House has been stultified out of all knowledge by being cut about and refaced; and now we are told that the Adelphi may go the way of all bricks and mortar. This is no new menace, I grant; and, as we all know, threatened buildings, as well as men, often live long. But in these days it is not always so, and not infrequently the news of a building's disappearance only coincides with the first blows of the pickaxe.

The Adelphi is, indeed, a place so crowded with memories, so peopled with illustrious ghosts, so charming and delicate a survival in itself of that gracious and restrained style which preceded the vulgar ostentation of an age delighting in size and little else, that to destroy it would be to uproot something that at least seems to reflect a quieter, more decorative period—the period of amber snuffboxes and clouded canes, of powdered hair and lute string gowns, and the flutter of fans. . . . One feels a taxi to be an anomaly within its precincts, and one expects Mr. Garrick to step out of a sedan on that historic terrace, or Dr. Johnson piously to touch the posts as he shuffles along on his way to visit Topham Beauclerk.

But it is Garrick, come from his Southampton Street abode to dwell in the house which Adam built, with its ceiling paintings by Zucchi, and its beautiful marble mantles—Garrick sitting in his library with Mrs. Garrick leaning over his shoulder, as she does in the famous picture—that we chiefly visualize. Unless, indeed, our minds wander to a later time when Crabbe, the poet, lodged at Osborne's Hotel, or Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Disraeli, fresh from their wedding tour, stayed there.

As one leaves the roar and rush of the Strand and passes into this quiet haven, one seems to step back into an earlier century, when Mr. Coutts's bank was still ruled over by the old gentleman who had married Miss Mellon, and caused the little bridge between his residence and his office to be constructed by that man of a single known achievement—William Adam. One can, too, visualize Mr. Thomas Hardy and E. L. Blanchard living in the Terrace, and gazing at the river's incomparable curve with the light of sun or moon on it, and the palaces and campanili of Whistler's imagination rising through the mist; just as, to-day, those two eminent men of letters, Sir J. M. Barrie and Mr. Bernard Shaw, must have so often done, what time the joyous fraternity of the Savage Club hard by have heard "the chimes at midnight" from the tower of that home of so many lost causes over against what was once the Clements Inn of the greatest writer of them all.

Shall the Adelphi, with such memories as these thick upon it, and its graceful beauty of architectural line and decoration patent in the sight of all, be another victim of the *cacoethes ædificandi* that is now assailing us? No!

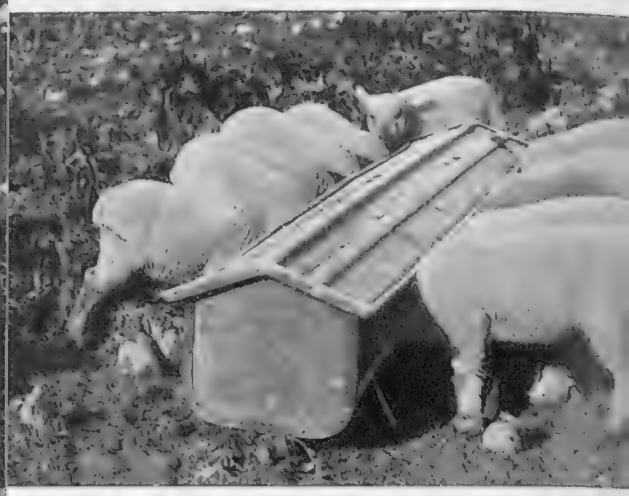
THE ENGLISH STAGE AT DUDLEY HOUSE

AT THE BRITISH THEATRICAL LOAN EXHIBITION: In Dudley House, Park Lane, are arranged theatrical costumes worn by famous actors and actresses of the past. From left to right—Costumes worn by Sir Henry Irving as Benedick and Dame Ellen Terry as Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing*, and by Sir George Alexander in *The Aristocrat;* Armour used by Sir Henry Irving as Charles I, lent by the Russell Cotes Museum, and his costume as Mephistopheles in *Faust*. On the right is Dame Ellen Terry's dress as Margaret in *Faust*

THE STAGE OF OTHER DAYS AT DUDLEY HOUSE: There are many still who remember the art of Sir Henry Irving, the charm of Dame Ellen Terry, and the dramatic genius of Sir Herbert Tree, and there are many who will wish to recall enthralling evenings at the theatre when these giants of the past dominated the stage. Lovers of things theatrical cannot fail to be impressed with the extent of the Loan Exhibition at Dudley House, which for the first time brings together under one roof nearly six hundred exhibits relating to theatrical history. Everything possible has been done to make the collection as representative as possible, the committee under Vice-Admiral E. A. Taylor receiving the assistance of over one hundred and forty owners of interesting stage relics. In addition to a show of costumes worn by famous actors and actresses of the last century, Dudley House contains some wonderful portraits and prints of famous stage personalities of earlier years and the theatres in which they acted. The illustration on the left shows a model of the late eighteenth century period, while in the centre is the costume worn by Samuel Phelps as Sir Peter Teazle, loaned by Miss Doreen Erroll. On the right is the ballroom at Dudley House, where a fine show of prints and drawings is being displayed. On the stand to the left of the picture is a playbill of a performance of *Richard III*, lent by Miss Lilian Baylis, while below is an aquatint by J. Bluck of the interior of Drury Lane Theatre in 1808, lent by Miss Edith Craig from the Ellen Terry Memorial Museum

LAMBING TIME IN RURAL ENGLAND

IN THE CHILTERNS: An early lamb makes short work of the swedes. The tendency to-day is to breed for a small sheep of fine quality



GETTING DOWN TO IT

Early lambs on a farm nea Princes Risborough, Bucking hamshire, in the heart of th Chilterns

Lambing Prospects for 1933

Agricultural England in common with the rest of the country has, during the past few years, learnt to its cost something of the meaning of economic depression. That the farming community, and particularly those engaged in sheep breeding, have neither allowed conditions to overwhelm them nor poor prices to damp their enthusiasm, is a tribute to the energy and unfailing optimism of a class truly representative of the people. To-day is lambing time in England, and once again reports are coming to hand from all over the countryside announcing a healthy beginning to the 1933 lamb crop. Already the results of September and October mating are manifesting themselves in a fine crop of lambs for the early market, and if the season progresses as it has begun it seems certain that it will be as successful as any that has gone before. The illustrations shown on this page, taken by special "Sphere" photographers, depict scenes in Herefordshire, Essex, and the Chilterns, in all of which districts the fall

(Continued below on right)

AN ARTISTIC SETTING: A Buckinghamshire ewe with her two offspring. Sheep occupying the sown or low ground produce the majority of the early lambs and, on account of ample feeding, frequently have healthy twins. Triplets are often difficult to rear, but the ewe is well able to care for two

Above—PROUD PARENTS: Sturdy young lambs on a farm in the and the South-Eastern Counties is that "Ewes are general *circle below*—Black-faced sheep in the lambing pens. Wh

ME
ND

rm near
Bucking-
t of the

n in the Chilterns. The Ministry of Agriculture's report for Buckinghamshire generally healthy and prospects for the lambing season are good." *In* s. What is food for the parent evidently provides warmth for the child

Chiltern pictures by Charles Brown

SURVIVING THE FROST: Ewes and lambs in the lambing pen on a Buckinghamshire farm. The lambs in this picture are only a few days old. Reports from this county announce a really healthy crop

Above—IN THE WEST: A peaceful scene on a Herefordshire farm near Bredenbury. *Left*—Two Hereford lambs pose for the camera

HARBINGERS OF SPRING: Young lambs are plentiful at Little Holland, Essex, where this picture was taken. The black woolly coats of these "six-day-olds" will in a few days turn grey

(Continued from above on left)

appears to have been good, and an excellent percentage of lambs has survived the somewhat severe weather conditions of the past few weeks. From a selling point of view this year's prospects appear distinctly hopeful, South American breeders with their, on the whole, distinctly conservative breeding policy, and with newly limited exports to this country occasioned by Britain's fiscal policy, giving the British farmer an opportunity to make headway, not so severely challenged by competition, previously denied him. At the same time sheep breeders in England are exerting every effort to improve their flocks and to keep up the standard of carcase in their mutton set by the highly efficient New Zealand and Australian exporters. The tendency to-day is all for quality rather than bulk, and provided the British farmer continues in his present policy of never being satisfied with that which he has already achieved, there is clearly room in the market for both the Dominion and home breeder. Prospects, in fact, lead the intelligent observer to believe that when money once again is circulating freely the British sheep breeder will be well equipped to reap the reward that is his just due.

BRITISH FLYING TO-DAY

Latest Developments in Civil and Commercial Aviation—The Progress of Private Ownership

Above—HEADING FOR THE CONTINENT: A giant air liner circles over Croydon Aerodrome before leaving for the Continent. *Left*—The lounge terrace at Croydon Aerodrome Hotel, a Mecca of flying men from all parts of the world

CROYDON'S AIR HOTEL

By CHARLES GRAVES

I have just been lunching at Europe's most interesting hotel. Until to-day I thought that the Ritz in Paris was the most intriguing caravanserai imaginable with its background of gilt and glass and its foreground of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Quite true, it probably holds more secrets than any other hotel, with the possible exception of Brown's, from which so many attempts have been made by exiled royalties to regain their thrones. But none the less it must yield the palm to another establishment which is only five years old. As you can see from the title of this article, I refer to the Aerodrome Hotel, Purley Way—the first and only "flying hotel" in Europe.

To its most regular guests distance is a matter of complete indifference, except that it means money in the shape of flying pay. Almost every night each of its forty bedrooms is occupied. Every night there are automatically members of at least five different nationalities sleeping there. Built of stone and reinforced concrete, it cost £60,000 to erect, but the sagacious firm of brewers who footed the bill must congratulate themselves daily on their enterprise. It is a little gold mine. There it stands, only a few yards away from Croydon Aerodrome, built of the same material and designed by the same architect, and the Mecca of the most interesting types of travellers in the world.

Meet Mr. Tommy Atkins, the manager of the hotel. He has a hooked nose, a Swiss wife, thinning hair, and a great sense of humour. He has been on the spot ever since there was a hotel at Croydon Aerodrome, and this dates back thirteen years when three army huts with galvanized iron roofs did duty as a hotel. "Those were the days," said Mr. Atkins reminiscently. "The cross-Channel pilots, especially the foreigners, were younger and gayer then. It was not at all unusual for a visitor to come in and be met with a roll of bread in the eye from a pilot sitting on the partition between the bar and the restaurant. Sometimes the young devils would pour a pound of pepper or maybe a bottle of whisky into the stockpot. One of the older pilots was rather keen on gardening. So they pulled up all his shallots and replanted them upside down.

"To-day it is all changed. The pilots have grown middle-aged in the service—they are married and staid, whether Germans or Frenchmen or Dutchmen or English or Belgian. They play cards or visit a cinema and go to bed early. Of course, when Mr. Van Lear Black, who had that private aeroplane in which he flew all over the world, used to give parties—they *were* parties. Sometimes they cost £150 and went on until three o'clock in the morning, and he would be off at four. How the Veuve Clicquot flowed!" Mr. Atkins chuckled reminiscently.

"Of course the night porter here has a pretty tough job. These flyers who are going off to Australia or somewhere always stay the night here, and then want to be called at all hours of the night. Miss Amy Johnson had to be woken up at 3.30 a.m., for example." As he spoke, the roar of an aeroplane filled the room. "That's a K.L.M., a Dutchman," said Mr. Atkins, without looking out of the window. "Their engines are the loudest after the Frenchmen, who are followed by the Germans. The English and Belgian machines are the most silent."

"But tell me about the guests in the hotel to-night, as a case in point."

"Well, to-night (as usual) we have two German pilots, two German mechanics, and two German wireless operators. In the summer we have three of each. They are very quiet chaps and play a lot of cards. Their favourite game is double kop which they play with a small pack. Usually they go to bed early, but last night they were playing bagatelle until six o'clock this morning. They are also very fond of chess and sauerkraut. They stay in the hotel almost all the time, and don't speak much English.

"To-night, again, as usual, we have two Belgian pilots and two Belgian mechanics. They usually join forces with the French and play a card game called ballotte. All of them have been on the cross-Channel route since it started, and so I have known them for years. They talk fairly good English, and like to go to the cinemas.

"We also have three aeroplane crews of Dutchmen. They speak very good English, and are fond of music like the Belgians. Indeed, they bring over Continental music with them for our hotel orchestra to play. They are the most popular of all the foreigners.

"Then there are three French aeroplane crews to-night as usual. They play a card game called chasse cœur. Really, you can tell a foreign pilot at once by the card game he plays. Very few of them speak English, but they all go to the cinemas, and then come back and play some more cards.

"Most of them are married. Few of them or the others drink much. If they ever have a flirtation, it is with someone of their own nationality. Every now and then we have Swedish, Spanish, Italian, and Rumanian pilots staying here. At the moment there is a young Indian gentleman who is learning to fly and is staying here. We also have a honeymoon couple. That is to say, they are being married to-day, and have booked the bridal suite for to-night. To-morrow they fly by the French Line to Cannes.

"Whom else have we? Well, there are three Imperial Airways pilots on the Cape route staying here. They are testing out new machines. Normally the English pilots have homes between here and Croydon. But these chaps' headquarters are at Cape Town. English pilots all look like Merchant skippers except, possibly, Captain Rogers, who is rather bird-like in his movements. And what a wag he is!

"Let me see," Mr. Atkins went on. "We have about a dozen other guests who are leaving on the early machines to-morrow, and consequently have booked rooms over night. Two are going out to Geneva something to do with the League of Nations of course.

(Continued on a later page)

RESERVED FOR PILOTS: The comfortable sitting-room reserved for pilots at Croydon Aerodrome. Most of the men who assemble here have been engaged on the cross-Channel route since the inception of the service

At CROYDON and HESTON

HESTON'S ILLUMINATED CLOCK: A useful innovation for aviators engaged on night flying at Heston Airport, Middlesex. The dial of the clock is over 16 ft. in diameter, thus allowing pilots to observe the time from a considerable height. The mechanism was made by Messrs. Synclocks, Ltd., at Colindale. *Right* — The control tower at Croydon in a full blaze of light in readiness to conduct a mail 'plane to the landing field

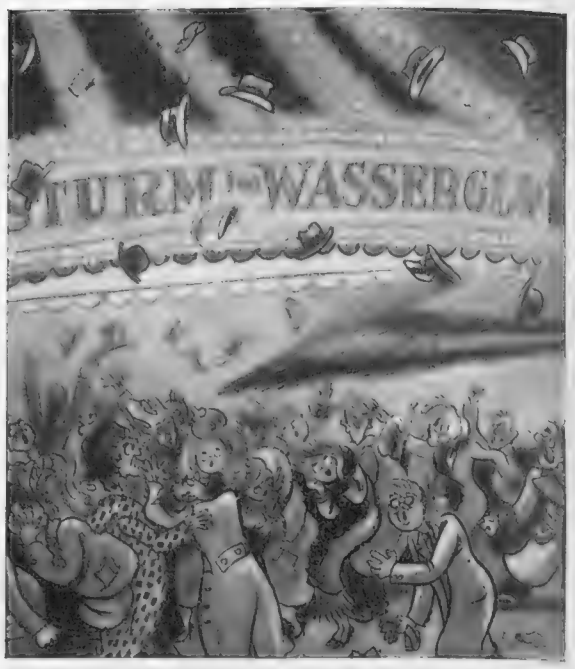
BRITISH MAIL 'PLANES AT HESTON DESTINED FOR THE IRAQ SERVICE: This is one of the six new "Spartan Cruiser" aeroplanes which are to be used in the Iraq mail and passenger service operating from Baghdad. The "Spartan Cruiser," with its Cirrus Hermes engines, is capable of a cruising speed of 126 m.p.h., and at top speed can, if necessary, travel at 145 m.p.h. Mr. A. E. White, D.F.M., chief engineer; Captain E. D. Cummings, D.F.C., second in command; and Captain Neville Stack, A.F.C., chief pilot and superintendent of the service, are seen discussing details of the coming flight to Iraq at Heston Aerodrome

British Flying To-day

MODERN CABIN AIRCRAFT

by C. D. PALMER

A TWIN-ENGINED MACHINE FOR THE PRIVATE OWNER: The Monospar monoplane, an ideal four-seater for hire work on a small scale or for private ownership. Of all-metal construction, thus saving nearly 30 per cent. in weight over most contemporary types, the Monospar is one of the most comfortable and spacious craft of its kind



VISIONS OF THE FUTURE: A German artist autogyro comes into general use, and the more will be subject to unwelcome

It is now some years since single-engined air liners were abandoned on British air lines to the Continent in favour of twin or multi-engined craft. For private hire work and passenger transport on a small scale it has still been the usual practice to employ small single-engined machines. The use of two or more engines has spread to these smaller commercial types and is now becoming common. The latest developments in this direction suggest that the small twin-engined passenger machine will completely alter the situation of unsubsidized air transport owing to its extraordinary reliability and economy in operation.

Even in the class of aircraft suitable to the private owner twin-engined machines are now available, an example being the Monospar monoplane built by General Aicraft Limited on the special Monospar system of all-metal construction. It is a most attractive looking four-seater, ideal alike for the private owner and for hire work on a small scale. The seating is most comfortable, comparable to a well-upholstered saloon car, and the view from the cabin is unusually good. Two Popjoy engines of 75 h.p. are fitted; they can be started from the cabin and level flight can be maintained with full load with only one of them working. A point of particular interest is that passengers in this machine may smoke, since no petrol is within the fuselage and the interior is fire-proofed throughout. Cruising speed is 112 m.p.h., with a range of 500 miles, while a maximum speed of 132 m.p.h. can be reached. Both landing and taking-off runs are short.

Generally, however, it appears that for purely commercial work operators at present require accommodation for five or six passengers. Reliability and other more technical considerations have led to the use of two or three small engines in place of a larger single engine of equivalent power.

The pioneer aircraft of this type in England was the Westland Wessex, a six passenger high wing monoplane, with three 140-h.p. Armstrong Siddeley radial engines. This aircraft has now been in use for some time by the Belgian air lines on their regular services and by Imperial Airways for private hire. It cruises at 100 m.p.h. with a range of 420 miles, and a maximum speed of 118 m.p.h.

Early this year the Spartan Cruiser monoplane, fitted with three Gipsy engines, made its appearance. It has accommodation for five passengers in addition to the pilot. Maximum speed is 135 m.p.h., and with cruising speed of 100 m.p.h. a range of about 700 miles is obtainable.

The latest development has been the appearance of the De Havilland 84 or Dragon Moth biplane. The first machine of this type was delivered to Hillman Airways on the 20th ult. when the naming ceremony was performed by Mrs. Mollison. It represents something of a *tour de force* in design and construction because though the design was only started in September, yet the machine was flown on November 24, and was actually delivered on December 20, having completed not only the firm's flying tests, but also the exacting Air Ministry tests at Martlesham Heath.

Accommodation is provided for six passengers in addition to the pilot. Two Gipsy engines of 130 h.p. are fitted which give high performance with economical operation. Cruising speed is 110 m.p.h. with a top speed of 127 m.p.h. and the range is 500 miles.

Mr. Hillman of Hillman's Airways is well known in Essex as a proprietor of motor coaches. Last summer he successfully ran regular air services to Clacton from Maylands Aerodrome near Romford and in addition did a large amount of hire work. Mr. Hillman has ordered a number of machines of the new type and this seems to indicate an extension of his sphere of operations.

The new De Havilland machine is a big step forward towards making air transport not only cheaper and more reliable for the passenger, but more remunerative for the operator. Much of its success must be attributed to the development which has taken place in the design and construction of the small air-cooled engine of which the Gipsy is an example. In the past many good aeroplanes have been spoilt by unreliable engines, but the Gipsy has withstood many tests, and Mrs. Mollison's flights to the Cape and back are the latest proofs of its reliability.

Taken as a whole, this machine is perhaps as much of a step forward in its own sphere as the big Handley-Page liners have proved in international air transport.

THE ARGENTINE MISSION PAYS A VISIT TO CROYDON: During his visit to this country, Dr. Julio Roca, Vice-President of the Argentine, and his Mission visited Croydon Aerodrome. Dr. Roca is seen in this picture inspecting a Monospar 'plane with its wings folded back

SKY MESSENGERS: Mr. Fred Cable, of the Commercial Cable Company's Messengers' Flying Club, has passed out for his passenger-carrying certificate. He celebrated the event by taking his fellow members for flights in an autogyro 'plane at Hanworth Aerodrome

COMFORT AND VISIBILITY: The Mono Popjoy engines, carries its petrol in curity from fire and making smoking glass roof and sides to the

FOR SIX PASSENGERS: The first of built by the De Havilland Aircraft air transport pioneer. The new christened by Mrs. Mollison at

Drawn by E. Rahenberg

visualizes what may happen in our cities when the placid automobile waiting its turn outside the theatre incursions from the skies

o o

THE REAL FLYING VISIT

by

GRANVILLE CONWAY

At last we mean what we say when we use the term "a flying visit." Who gave birth to that very busy phrase it is indeed hard to say—unless it arose by way of a jest at the labours of that early pioneer of aviation, Leonardo da Vinci, among the more unthinking of the fifteenth century Florentines; or perhaps Pero Tafur, the traveller, had something to do with it when he concluded that "if he did not fly there it was impossible to make the journey." At any rate here we are in this year of grace 1933 with the flying visit not only become a familiar and fully established actuality, but every day becoming the more usual method of transit among people who really do want to get to a place quickly. There is a great difference now between taking a long night journey to the North, neither sleeping nor waking, to arrive somewhat the worse for wear, and just hopping further afield for one's week-end—say to Cologne, a matter of only five-and-a-half hours, in one of the most comfortably appointed liners of Imperial Airways.

Naturally there can be no question but that air travel will in the near future supersede surface travel for speedy journeys, but at this stage there is no necessity to compete with already existing train services which, between the large towns, are both speedy and regular. Intercommunication, however, from east to west between those systems, or from one point to another, cutting across any or all of them is often a tedious proceeding; and to remedy such deficiencies ought to be the aim of municipalities concerned in the establishing of an internal air line.

Several of these flying services have recently been inaugurated and are proving very successful, notably the one by which the Isle of Wight was connected to the mainland this summer. A Westland "Wessex," the most luxurious type of small passenger machine, is used, and the journey takes only ten minutes as against thirty minutes by steamer, while the operating costs average only twopence a mile per passenger. Grimsby to Hull, Bristol to Cardiff, and Blackpool to the Isle of Man are other existing and essentially necessary services. Apart from these, there are a number of air taxi services between various towns which we hope will one day become definite airways.

Such is the state of commercial aviation in this country in so far as passenger traffic, and not the private owner, is concerned. For the latter things have become as smooth practically as they are for the owner-driver on the road. Dotted all over the country are fully-equipped aerodromes, some sixty odd in number, only half-a-dozen of which are unable to provide hangar accommodation and petrol and oil supplies. For the Continental or cross-Channel traveller full Customs facilities are available at Harwich, Heston, Lympne, Penshurst, Southampton, Bristol, Liverpool, and Manchester. These form the first links in the chain of airways that there will soon be over Britain. There is room for a great many more certainly, for that section of England east of a line drawn from Plymouth to Hull contains the great majority of those sixty aerodromes, the north and west being comparatively badly served. There is a notable lack in the whole of Wales, not that there would be any great demand for many, except perhaps in the summer, when it would pay some enterprising pioneer to open a route to those beautiful hills and valleys.

Hanworth, the home of National Flying Services and the parent of five other provincial air parks at Blackpool, Hull, Leeds, Nottingham, and Reading, shows how lovely an air park may be made. Here, amid the lovely trees and lawns surrounding a former country house, is the ideal place to entertain and visit friends. Social prestige as well as flying prestige will always abide in this "most beautiful civil air park in the world."

The most modern club-house is to be found at Brooklands—the headquarters of the Brooklands Aero Club, and its flourishing offspring, the Press Aero Club. Here an extremely well-designed building by Graham Dawbarn houses a restaurant bright with orange-coloured chairs and tables, a spacious and well-lighted lounge, and the indispensable adjunct—a bar leading off it. All these rooms communicate with each other by folding doors and all have good floors so that quite an extensive dance can be held when desired. This is the sportsman's club *par excellence* surrounded as it is by the famous track and by everything connected with the two most fascinating sports there are.

A SIGNIFICANT ADVANCE IN PRIVATE FLYING: Night flying is rapidly becoming an accomplishment of most private owners, whereas only a short while ago it was considered by the majority as somewhat of an adventure better left to those of more experience. Our illustration shows a scene at Heston Air Park

A MECCA OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT: A striking view of the well-laid-out aerodrome at Heston, scene of many a thrilling finish of the King's Cup, and a great gathering place for the private flyer

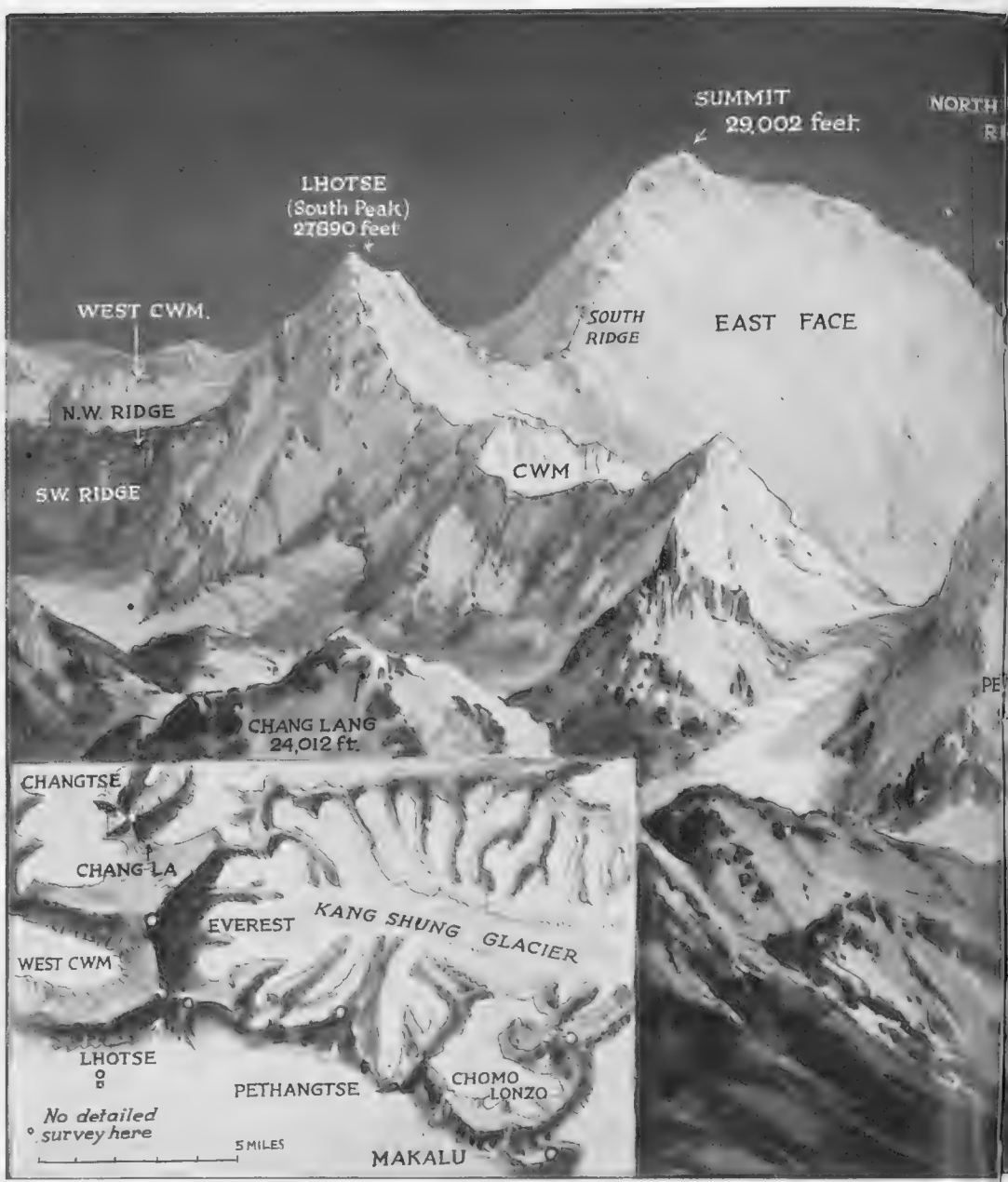
spar monoplane, with its two 75-h.p. the wings, thus allowing for greater se- permissible for passengers. Note the cockpit, providing increased visibility

a fleet of new air liners which have been Company for Mr. Edward Hillman, the machine, a "D.H. Dragon Moth," was Maylands Aerodrome, Romford, Essex

LINKED BY A COMMON ENTHUSIASM: Two French flying enthusiasts greet each other at Heston on arriving for an international air rally. On this occasion representatives of sixteen nations and 100 machines attended

THE ELECTRICALLY WARMED CAMERA: The observers who are to fly to Everest will carry electrically warmed cameras. Here is one of them with its fabric cover

STRANGE APPEARANCE OF EVEREST AIRMEN: The observers look weird in the extreme when fully equipped with special clothing and oxygen tubes. Lieut.-Colonel L. V. S. Blacker, Chief Observer, is here disguised



This diagram has been specially drawn to show that, with our present knowledge, the southerly aspect of the towering east face of Everest, shooting up to the wind-guarded summit at 29,002 ft. The south ridge This south arete splits, as it were, any possibility of a southern face into two fragments, the east and the west however, one were considering Everest as a massif, then there would be a range of peaks and connecting Pethangste, 24,913 ft., and Makalu, 27,790 ft. The land attack on the summit will

THE NORTH-EAST RIDGE OF EVEREST: This is the easterly side of what may be termed the north face of Everest. The heights on the left flank are those flanking the Rongbuk Glacier. The westerly wind tears the snow off the northerly face and drives it and the clouds towards the S.E.

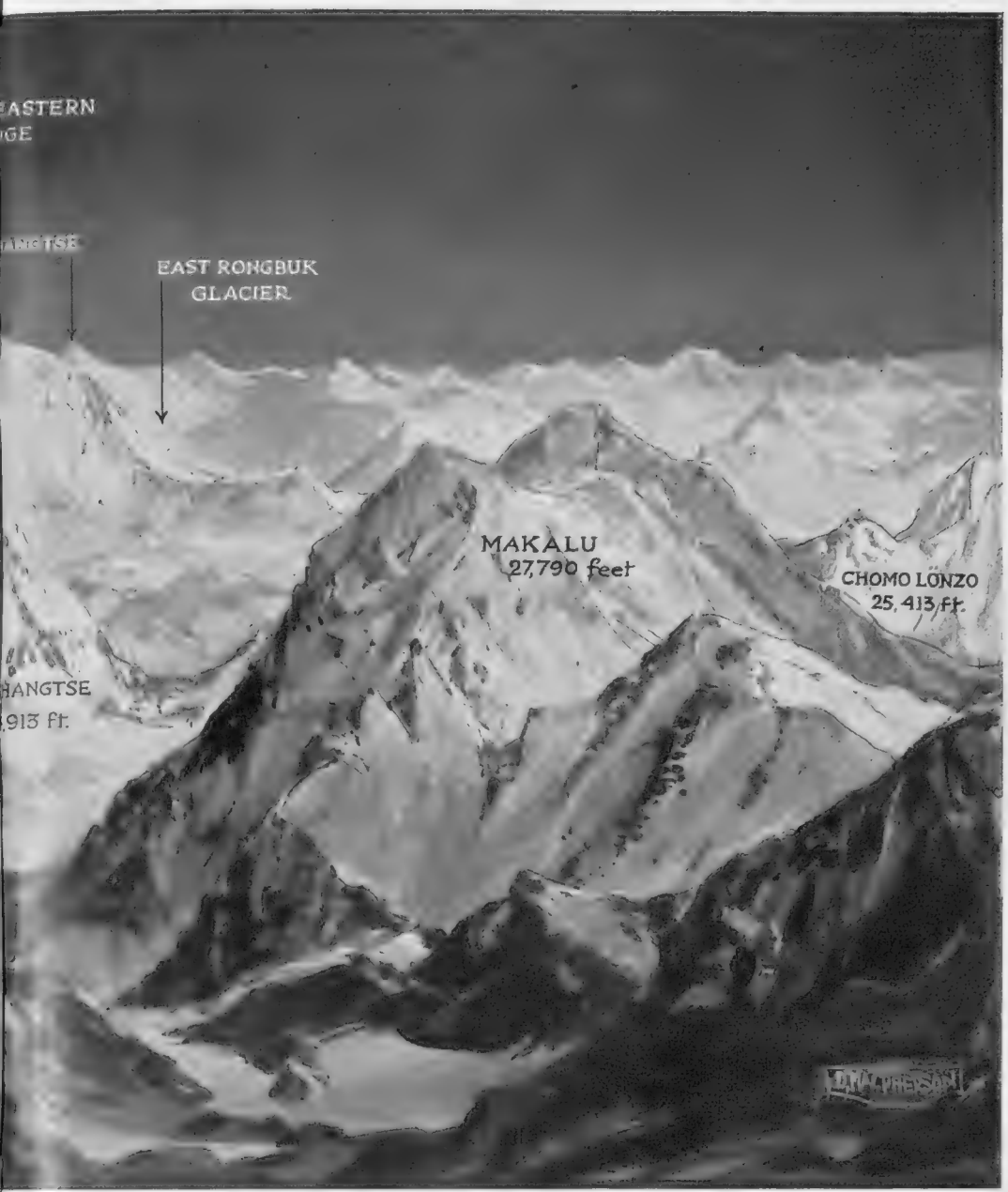
THE FORM OF EVEREST:

In the first account published in *The Times* newspaper of the task which lay before the two aeroplanes which were to fly to Mount Everest, a stirring picture was drawn of the great "southern face" of the highest mountain in the world which would, if all went well, be seen and recorded for the first time. To quote Lord Peel's own words. "No imagination may forecast the majesty of that stupendous declivity of Mount Everest's southern face, for no one but the airman will have seen it at close quarters as a whole . . ."

The mental picture created in the mind of the reader was of some bold, precipitous, well-defined southern face pitching down from the citadel-like summit to profound depths below. For the benefit of readers of THE SPHERE who will shortly be following the fortunes of both the air expedition, organized through the generosity of Lady Houston, and the land expedition, which has also started for India, it must be pointed out that, judging from our present knowledge of the peak, no such "south face" of Everest can be held to exist. The form of the mountain is, as the result of the expedition of 1921 (known as the reconnaissance) and the expeditions of 1922 and 1924, fairly well known. Three great dividing ridges radiate from the summit of Everest. There is the now famous north-east ridge, the southerly or S.S.E. ridge, and the westerly ridge. To the north-east and north-west is one great face with parallel bands or ridges of stratification, up a part of which the famous 1924 ascent was made. There is also a well-defined easterly face extending down to the peak known as Lhotse. To the west and south-west there is a third face which, with the great mountain wall to the south, encloses the West Cwm. This formation of the great peak was only discovered by patient effort mainly during the first expedition. The architecture of the peak had to be built up piece by piece, as the two main parties of the 1921 expedition worked up the then unknown glaciers which stretched down from the bastions of Everest, rivers of fantastic ice pinnacles, which astounded even those who were familiar with the ice fields of the world.

It is not until one has worked northward through the Chumbi Valley to Phari Djong and gained the high plateau of Tibet that one is enabled to obtain any striking views of the great mountain mass of Everest. For a long time during this journey the mountain face is not visible at all—the mountains of Sikkim are much too near the spectator, but on bearing round to the west to Kampa Djong one gets a first glimpse of the giant peak more than a hundred miles away. Its snowy crest towers high above the surrounding mountains.

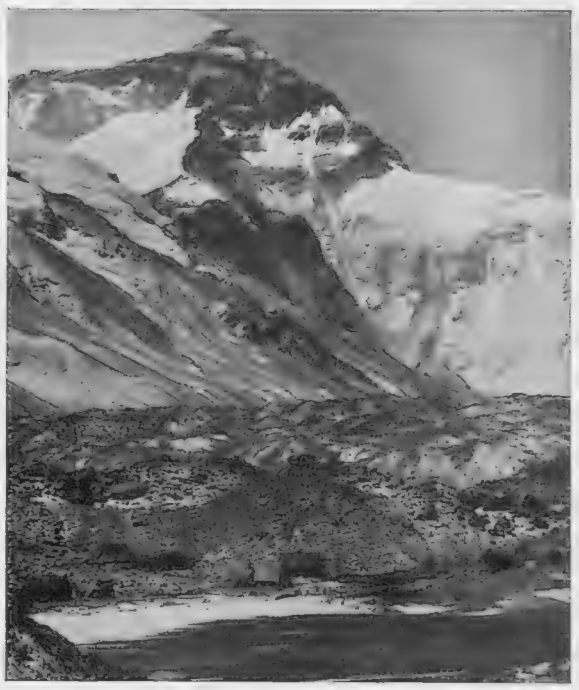
Farther westward, near the junction of the Yaru Chu and Bhong Chu, a closer view of the mountain



Drawn by D. Macpherson

Everest is not clearly definable. The giant peak itself evidently has no southern face. The main view shows is seen descending towards Lhotse, and over to the left of the view is shown part of the West Cwm. faces. This becomes more evident when studying the directly vertical view shown in the smaller diagram. If, walls which might be considered to be a south face. This more or less connected mass of giant peaks includes probably be made up the famous north-eastern ridge indicated above the eastern face

AN EVEREST PILOT: Flight-Lieutenant D. F. McIntyre is here seen in normal flying kit, used during the flight to India, which has been proceeding by easy stages



THE SUMMIT OF EVEREST: This view shows the wind-swept north-west face of Everest. The rock is blown clear of snow. The outline of the mountain drops steeply to the N.N.W.

Is There Really a South Face?

is obtained. It begins to tower above its neighbours without a rival. The late Mr. Mallory (hero of the 1924 expedition) wrote: "We turned and saw what we came to see . . . who could doubt its identity? A prodigious white fang excrescent from the world." The peak is hidden after that by the Gyanka Range, but at Shiling, looking down the gorge of the Bhong River, one sees Everest from the N.E. more completely than from possibly any other accessible point. "We knew something more about the great peak near Everest, which we had seen from Kampa Djong; we know now that it was not a separate mountain; in a sense it was part of Everest, or rather Everest was not one mountain but two; this great black mountain to the south was connected with Everest by a continuous arête and divided from it only by a snow col which must itself be at least 27,000 ft. high. The black cliffs of this mountain which faced us were continuous with the ice east face of Everest itself. (Here is a saving clause for a "south face" if Lhotse is considered part of Everest.)

At closer range one discovers Everest to have a wide eastern face from which the great Kangshung glacier descends. Flanking this glacier on the south are the mighty peaks — sharp-toothed Pethangtse and twin-peaked majestic Makalu.

The north face of Everest sweeps from N.E. to N.W., a mighty front of parallel steps up which the past ascents have been made. It is guarded by a north peak, Changtse, sharp-angled, and away to the west are two monsters of interesting shape, Cho-uyo and Gyachungkang.

The west face is oddly shaped, being an enclosed cwm or valley blocked by Everest's summit and Lhotse, the great black peak.

In the first half of the nineteenth century Kanchenjunga was believed to be the highest mountain in the Himalayas. Its height, and those of three great peaks, was determined by a series of observations taken from the Indian plain and other accessible points. It was not until about 1852 that a mountain named Peak XV was discovered to be the highest in the world. It is recorded that, one day, the Bengali chief computer rushed into the room of the Surveyor-General, Sir Andrew Waugh, breathlessly exclaiming, "Sir, I have discovered the highest mountain in the world." This Peak XV had been observed from six different stations, and the mean height obtained was 29,002 ft. The peak subsequently came to be known as Mount Everest, after a distinguished Surveyor-General named Everest. From Darjeeling and the plains the peak is not conspicuous; it is too much hidden by intervening masses of mountain peaks. But those few who have approached its flanks have witnessed an unforgettable vision.

THE HIMALAYAS SEEN FROM DARJEELING: This view, seen from the famous hill station of Darjeeling, shows some of the towering Himalayan peaks. The outlines shown here are characteristic of many in this part of the mighty range. Twin peaks, a saddle and east and west flanks rise above the clouds. The distances are vastly deceptive

A REVEALING DOCUMENT: Captain von Rintelen, author of *The Dark Invader*, the war-time reminiscences of a German Naval Intelligence Officer, published by Messrs. Lovat Dickson, Ltd.

BOOKS

By CECIL ROBERTS

The Spy Mania Amongst Bellicose Old Ladies: Captain von Rintelen's Astonishing Secret Service Book: The Strange Story of Jane Holden by Manuel Komroff: The Wit of Vivian Ellis

During the War there was nothing more pitiable than the spy mania that afflicted a great number of bellicose old ladies. A German scullerymaid in a neighbour's kitchen constituted a menace to the Grand Fleet at Scapa Flow. I recall a certain house against which a vendetta was carried out. The grandmother of the occupant had been an Austrian. That was enough. Every night at about eleven there were light signals from a window at the back of the house. Certainly these were signals to an invading Zeppelin! The police were called in, a watch was set, the occupant was arrested for signalling. But further investigation established the complete ignorance of the wretched occupier. The household cat was in the habit of entering by this window, and pushed aside the curtain betraying the light within. Since the cat could not be court-martialled the owner was fined £5 for negligence, and local venom was satisfied.

A book like *The Dark Invader*, by Captain von Rintelen (Lovat Dickson. 9s.), certainly reveals the fact that the spy danger was a very considerable one. I think this is the most astonishing Secret Service book I have ever read. It is a reliable document written by one who played a prominent and influential part in conducting Germany's propaganda and secret intelligence in the United States. Captain von Rintelen was a young German naval officer on the outbreak of war. He was at the head of a network of German agents in U.S.A., and there was nothing he stopped short of in his determination to check American intervention, and in the attempt to prevent munitions reaching the Allies. He helped to finance the Irish agitation which finally resulted in Casement's treasonable attempt on Ireland, he intrigued with ex-President Huerta of Mexico to create a collision between that country and the United States, he manipulated with money serious dock strikes and sabotage of American ships.

The story of how the British Intelligence Department tapped the German cables, of the incredible stupidity of the German Foreign Office in playing into our hands, the lynx-eyed organization of which Admiral Sir Reginald Hall was the head, all these things read like a scenario from Hollywood. On his endeavour to return to Germany Rintelen was captured and interned at Donington Hall. He had previously had a spirited interview with Admiral Hall, and one of the most astonishing things in this most remarkable book is of a conversation in a London club before that internment and the resumption of that conversation in the same club in 1925, when the jig-saw puzzle of intrigue was pieced together in friendliness and mutual admiration between the warring parties.

Captain Rintelen suffered heavily for his country's sake. He was extradited to the U.S.A., made to stand his trial, and condemned to five years' hard labour in prison at Atlanta, Georgia. A fight with filth, lice, and depression followed. The prison chapter is a first-class nightmare. He had to endure the screaming of murderers taken to the electric chair, he had to fight for his own sanity during those five years. A hero? In his own country he found himself maligned by Bernstorff and von Papen, whose recklessness had contributed to his capture.

He returned to Berlin in 1921 to find everybody indifferent to his sufferings and concerned only with the problems of the day. There came to him then the bitter reflection that "man is not made immortal by what he destroys but by what he constructs. May the bombs we once employed never be brought forth again."

After Rintelen had expended thousands of pounds in promoting dock strikes, he discovered "that the armament firms had poured millions of dollars into the treasuries of the older unions; and Gompers and his friends were living in trains and motor cars, travelling about the whole country to organize the counter blow. Now that I was about to leave the shores of America I felt like taking a carbolic bath." On his arrest on the liner he was brought to England and interned in the Tower. He recites with humour the consolatory words of the Tommy who guarded him. "Never mind, sir, five of our Queens have been executed in the Tower." It is interesting to learn that when the Kaiser inspected the large scale maps of London for bombing purposes he autographed a minute to the effect that Buckingham Palace was not to be touched, but since no Zeppelin commander could ensure where a bomb fell with any degree of accuracy this tenderness seemed useless.

The German Foreign Office for a long time were puzzled by the fact that their cables to America were not acknowledged. Suddenly the truth came out. It is one of the most astonishing episodes in an amazing book. "During the first days of August an unpretentious flotilla of fishing boats had sailed from the Thames in the direction of Emden-Borkum. They were manned chiefly by experts from the Department of Cables and Telegraphs. Under cover of night and fog this flotilla took up the German deep sea cables and joined them with their own lines to London. Instead of going to New York the telegrams we sent from Emden went to London."

This book is written without rancour, and despite all he reveals, Captain von Rintelen commands admiration for his courage and sportsmanship. As Mr. A. E. W. Mason observes: "Here is as good an argument against war as a man could find in twenty volumes devoted to that subject alone." For this reason, perhaps, the German publishers have declined to issue this book, afraid of the displeasure of the Wilhelmstrasse.

Mr. Manuel Komroff has gone direct to life for his story, *Human Tempest* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.). He has found in the records of New York police history the strange story of Jane Holden, a young prostitute who was murdered in her bed by Oliver Benson, a business man. The trial became a public issue, and the city was thrown into turmoil. Riots broke out in the poor quarters, and a class warfare began. On this synopsis Mr. Komroff has built up a vivid and circumstantial reconstruction of the events. One recalls the method of Theodore Dreiser, though it lacks his sweeping genius, but the story is a compelling one nevertheless, both as a portrait of early New York society and as a first-class murder story with a powerful and gruesome ending. Here is life in the raw. Mr. Komroff has shown considerable skill in sustaining the drama to its relentless close.

Recent criminal proceedings have made us aware that the act of disappearing is not an easy one to stage. Herr Fred Andreas, who wrote *In Court*, is as skilful as ever in his new mystery story, *Alias* (Bles. 7s. 6d.). This is the story of a German business man, Dr. Hesse, who, finding life too difficult, disappeared. It was announced that he had gone overboard on a cruise. From that moment the quest for Dr. Hesse begins. But he had forgotten an amorous bookkeeper. Her jealous mind could not allow him to escape. Here is another first-class mystery novel. Herr Andreas is a master in his genre.

I observe that Mr. Bles has given the book a short title. The Germans have a love of long title. *Alias* in Germany is called "Der Mann der zweimal leben wollte." Somerset Maugham's *The Breadwinner* suffered a change into "Muss die Kuh immer Milch geben?"—which tempts one to reply, in the words of Ruth Draper, "Nein, immer macaroni!"

The symposium to which Julian Huxley, Bertrand Russell, J. B. S. Haldane, Sir Oliver Lodge, Hilaire Belloc, and others contributed under the title "The Changing World," and which was broadcast, is now published under the title of *Science in the Changing World* (Allen Unwin. 6s.). Those with an interest in modern scientific thought should not miss this book. And if you like travel, and like reading about those more fortunate people who go cruising in these days of reduced dividends and adverse exchanges, then I can heartily recommend Mr. Charles Graves' second appearance as a cicerone in *Gone Abroad Again* (Nicholson Watson. 6s.). This time Venice, the Adriatic, Greece, the Dardanelles and Constantinople engage Mr. Graves' quick eye. This is a potent travel cocktail, shaken up with a whisk of history and served slick with appetizing adjectives.

In *Wanton Mally*, by Booth Tarkington (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), the author invades English territory with a story set in the time of Charles II. He is concerned, however, not with courtesans, but with Quakers and courtiers, and an amorous Frenchman. It is a light, gay escapade, a costume piece of no great conviction but much gusto.

A Cure of Flesh, by James Gould Cozzens (Longmans. 7s. 6d.), opens and closes ingeniously with a telephone operator at the switchboard in a small Connecticut town. She handles the themes of life and death, business and scandal across her wires, and in this clever fashion Mr. Cozzens lets us listen in on the story of Dr. Bull. He was unfortunate in a number of his patients who died. He was a ruthless, hard-working general practitioner, but a venomous man with a grievance succeeded almost in turning the scales against him. Vulnerable in his private life, no weapon was too mean with which to bring him low. An outbreak of typhoid gave his enemies their chance, but there were a few honest men in the town who insisted on fair play. Mr. Cozzens writes a fine nervous prose, and this small-town study lives vividly.

We are all very ready to talk of the good old times, but the barbarity of life only one hundred years ago would give any modern person sleepless nights. Here is a first novel which has singular merits. *The Chazzcy Tragedy*, by Frank Prewett (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.). Mr. Prewett is a member of the Agricultural Economic Research Institute of Oxford University. This explains the strong historical structure of his reconstruction of life on the Chiltern farms in the thirties of the last century. His story tells us of the fierce struggle among the agricultural labourers that followed the Enclosure Act. It shows the squire and the parson in alliance against the revolting peasantry. Faced by starvation, they revolted, and ugly scenes were enacted on the Chilterns. This story reveals an aristocracy beginning to doubt its security, the Church successfully maintaining its privileges, and the moneyed farmer driving out the poor freeholder and reducing him to starvation. Robert Lonsley was one of the victims of this oppression but in despair, beaten by starvation, he took service as foreman with Pinfold, a rising farmer. A conflict, involving rick burning, follows, with Carter Costar as the leader of the oppressed labourers. The scene in court, and at the public execution at Abingdon, are most vividly presented. It seems incredible that only one hundred years ago farm labourers, driven to violence by starvation, were transported for life, sold in public auction for 2s. a week, or executed in public on a crude gallows before an enforced audience of prisoners. Since Mr. Prewett is, obviously an authority, these facts cannot be challenged. He has chosen, in the form of an excellent novel, to present us with a picture of an appalling era in English life.

Captain C. R. W. Knight has a hobby that would not appeal to many. He likes taming eagles. He was so successful with "Mr. Ramshaw" that he actually took him on a lecture tour in America. Previous experiments with the king of birds had resulted in a piece of the captain's cheek being torn out but, undaunted, he persevered, and a fine understanding grew up between the trainer and his bird. Captain Knight tells the story of this friendship very entertainingly in his book, *Mr. Ramshaw, My Eagle* (Arrowsmith. 3s. 5d.), which will give delight to all ornithologists. The book is admirably illustrated. But I have sympathy with the alarmed chambermaid in the Chicago hotel who, entering the bathroom of Mr. Knight's suite, was suddenly confronted with an enormous eagle and rushed screaming down the corridor.

Let me frankly confess that I am reviewing *Zelma*, by Vivian Ellis (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), as a friend of Mr. Ellis, but I am not afflicted in my conscience, because I have no hesitation in recommending this first novel from his pen. He has enchanted me so often at the piano, and we can count many pleasant hours together at the dinner table or in the garden talking about flowers. Here comes without any warning a Vivian Ellis I never suspected. We can all hum *Wind in the Willows* and recall with gratitude other contributions of his to Mr. Cochran's revues. It seems to me, after reading this lively story of Zelma, the Jewish actress, a mixture of pluck, talent, and audacity, that Vivian Ellis is as much at home on the keys of his typewriter as on those of his piano. Here is a *capriccio* full of colour and movement, with much of his private wittiness made public. I feel it is somewhat unfair that he should have two strings to his lyre, and I don't want the novelist to intrude on the musician, but since he insists on showing us he can do it the truth must be admitted that he does it very well.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason never fails us. He is an excellent example of craftsmanship in his calling. Here, again, is the jewel, shining at the centre of his story, the Indian forest behind, and the suspicious character, Michael Crowther, captain of an Irrawaddy river boat. *The Sapphire* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.) produces again Hanaud, and all the atmosphere of suspense that his name entails. Crowther has a Conradian pathos.

BOOKS TO READ

FLOTILLAS, by Captain Lionel Dawson, R.N. (Rich and Jordan. 12s. 6d.).

MARY STUART, by Sir George Turner (Rich and Jordan. 10s. 6d.).

TRADE WINDS, by Louis Kornitzer (Geoffrey Bles. 10s. 6d.).

SMOKE ON THE HORIZON, by Vice-Admiral Usborne (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.).

ALBERT SCHWEITZER: An Autobiography (Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d.).

A SUSSEX PEEP-SHOW, by Walter Wilkinson (Geoffrey Bles. 7s. 6d.).

ART Historical and Modern

UN MORCEAU DE ROI: François Drouais' portrait of Madame de Pompadour, Court favourite of Louis XV, painted in 1763, a year before her death. The picture has been lent to the Three French Reigns Exhibition by the Earl of Rosebery

BEFORE THE DELUGE: *Above*—The Chevalier de Cambys, a nobleman of the Court of Louis XV, by Nicolas Lavreince. Lent to the Three Reigns Exhibition by Mrs. Meyer Sassoon. *Left*—Marie Jaquotot, pupil of the artist, Le Guay. Lent by M. David-Weill

IN THE LAKE DISTRICT

The south end of Lake Coniston by Mr. S. R. Badmin, A.R.E. An exhibit at the Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street

IN THE HEART OF THE COTSWOLDS

Another exhibit by Mr. S. R. Badmin, at the Fine Art Society. A village scene at Woodchester, Gloucestershire

SIMPLICITY AND MODERNITY

A young spotted deer, one of the many paintings shown by Miss Billie Waters at an exhibition of her work at the Leicester Galleries

READY TO RECEIVE

"Fifi," a French poodle, a vivid animal study by Miss Billie Waters, and a feature of her exhibition of paintings at the Leicester Galleries

COMIC OPERA AT THE SAVOY: Victor Orsini as Jolly Roger and Muriel Angelus as Amelia, hero and heroine in *Jolly Roger*, the new burlesque comic opera which was billed for production on Wednesday at the Savoy. The leading rôle is in the hands of Mr. George Robey, who settled matters with "Equity," the new theatrical Union

Plays of

Although 1933 has already seen the production of quite a number of good plays and attractive entertainments, there have been some significant failures. Nearly all the disappointments have come about through pretentiousness, and that may carry a moral for future reference.

Head-on Crash not only bored audiences at the Queen's because it was dull; it exasperated them because it was pretentious. The unfortunate Wagner play at the Duke of York's was pretentious in that it set out to achieve the impossibility of showing a wide stretch of the composer's life and peppering the stage with dead-and-gone celebrities, instead of concentrating on one section of it.

Business with America was a comedy, but it did not last long at the Haymarket largely because a trivial theme, and not a particularly new one, was treated with owlish solemnity, though there were some good individual performances, notably that of Miss Madge Titheradge. It was unfortunate that her return to the stage was not marked by a happier choice of material. The only play among this unfortunate crop which was not pretentious was the Vaudeville farce, *Half a Million*, and this was about its only virtue.

Pretentiousness, as well as muddle-headedness, marks *The Princess in the Cage*. I do not understand how Mr. Anmer Hall, who has given us so much to be thankful for at the Westminster came to pick on this queer business.

Much fuss has been made over the fact that in *The Princess in the Cage*, which has succeeded *Jonah in* (or *and*) *the Whale* at the Westminster Theatre, there is no mention of Russia. It has even been claimed that the country represented is not even intended to be Russia.

Very well, then. Let us assume that in this play, adapted from the French by Mr. C. B. Fernald, it is only by a coincidence that revolutionaries gain the upper hand, call one another comrade, wear red scarves, and line up the emperor, the empress, and their daughters against a wall and shoot them without trial.

By another coincidence this play is produced in a theatre barely a stone's throw from Buckingham Palace. It is, however, far too silly to be dangerous and too scatter-brained even to begin to teach any sort of lesson, either to the right or left. The Lord Chamberlain knew what he was about when he passed it without let or hindrance.

M. Sorbets, the French author, has failed to show us which way his convictions lie, which does not matter very much. What matters a great deal is that he has failed to show any sort of reason in his play or any consistent dramatic development. I can imagine quite a good drama being written to show what a fine thing Bolshevism is, though its excellence would not commit me to believing in its gospel. To prove the reverse could also be the *clou* of an equally good play. Or one can get right away from propaganda altogether in the Anthony Hope method, and use kings and queens and princesses as the basis of a romantic entertainment. M. Sorbets, aided and abetted by Mr. Fernald, has mixed up all these methods and produced only an inglorious muddle.

The play begins soundly enough—the gay young princess in her palace. Then comes revolution, with herself as the only survivor of massacred royalty, and living, marriage having been abolished, with a revolutionary leader. Highly-coloured, of course, but revolutions are apt to be highly-coloured.

The rot sets in when the princess indulges in fantastic tergiversations without the audience being shown any cause for them. She betrays her lover, insults him, tries to save him, coquets with counter-revolutionaries who want to make her queen, coquets with priests who want to make her an abbess, and finally bolts with the local Lenin when monarchy is restored and the stage a mass of Ruritanian uniforms and ecclesiastical vestments.

By that time nobody cared a damn what happened to her. I could only be sorry for brilliant Miss Beatrix Thompson, once more struggling in the toils of a disappointing play.

COURTSHIP AT THE GLOBE: It was Holmes in *Rip Van Winkle*, who was guilty of the somewhat sweeping generalization that "Folks want their doctors mouldy like their cheese." At any rate the wilful and ever delightful Yvonne Arnaud does her best to disprove the theory in *Doctor's Orders*, the successful comedy at the Globe, in which she is not altogether displeased at being kidnapped by the amorously inclined doctor, Raymond Massey. The couple are shown here in a scene from Act III

There might have been a chance for *The Princess in the Cage* in the old days at Daly's with a singing heroine, Mr. Bertram Wallis much beuniformed, and Mr. George Graves as a *vieux marcheur* with Communist leanings. Such revision and transportation are now unlikely, for Daly's will, I think, be occupied for a long time to come with *It's You I Want*, a farce which brings Mr. Seymour Hicks back to the London he should never leave.

I would not say that this is a perfect farce, for a perfect farce should be actor-proof or nearly so. But I do say this trifle, cast and acted so brilliantly, is one of the most amusing pieces in London. Its gaiety and the delicious absurdity of it all are alike irresistible.

What is it about? I hardly know. Detailed analysis? One might as well clamp down a soap bubble and stick a probe into it. The important facts are that here is fooling that makes one laugh instead of sending one to a taxi via the refreshment bar; and that Mr. Hicks, than whom there is no greater actor, is at the top of his form. His light form, that is to say. This he divides into two—the rough and the smooth.

For the greater part of the time he is rushing about breathlessly, slamming doors, lying, and getting himself and others out of, and often into, ludicrous hot water. Strange that this familiar process is so funny in this case, and can in so many other cases be so lamentably the reverse.

But occasionally he pauses, slows down, and turns his audience from what are vulgarly, but most effectively, known as "belly-laughs," to that hushed mixture of expectancy and admiration when he can make the flick of a little finger, the tiny twist of the corner of a mouth, speak not volumes but libraries. This is commonly labelled subtlety, and I do not quarrel with the label. But it is also the result of knowing every trick of the

To-day

By PHILIP PAGE

Some Failures in a Season of Successes : The Causes of Recent Withdrawals : Mr. Seymour Hicks Back to the London He Should Never Leave : "Once in a Lifetime" at the Queen's : "The One Girl" at the Hippodrome

art (or if you like, the trade), of realizing how the alteration of a tenth part of a second in timing can win or lose a roar of merriment.

Diverting in inverse ratio to the flatness of the printed description was it to see Miss Viola Tree, that true droll, climbing into a fire-escape or walking about with one riding-boot; to see Mr. Bromley Davenport in undergarments, or arriving, expectant, at midnight with a prim little suit-case; to see the beauteous Miss Joan Clarkson lying in American to a jealous husband. Yet *It's you I want* is at its best when it is least uproarious. Those are the occasions when Mr. Hicks is quietly and amorously pursued by Miss Nora Swinburne.

This is an actress who seems to me to be constitutionally unable to make a mistake. She has charm, fun, and great good looks in addition, so the combination is indeed a formidable one. In Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's last (and, I think, best) play, Miss Swinburne, without much opportunity, swept almost everyone else off the stage; had her opportunities been only slightly more she would have swept that fine piece of work into the success it merited, and it would probably have been running still.

The subtle interchange of comedy of which Miss Swinburne and Mr. Hicks are capable has only been approached by that glorious partnership—broken, alas!—between Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps.

Which shows that even a successful farce can have its serious aspects.

If *Gay Love*, to see which I looked out my passport, bought a camping outfit, and set out on safari to Kew, did not in its first condition suggest that a long run in the West End was its ineluctable fate, it was worth while in that it brought Miss Margaret Bannerman back to the stage.

It has been rather the fashion to say that Miss Bannerman shines only in parts that demand a certain hard glitter. That she has excelled in such parts is true. But if there were any doubt as to her ability to tackle different work, this little play should dispel it. *Gay Love's* defects are that it is insincere and tawdry, and that it over-emphasizes the deliberate staginess which may be necessary for these plays about stage life. Its merit is that it is quite agreeable to watch, and, with the exception of a protracted drunken scene between two women, is not in the least tedious. And its great good luck is that it had Miss Bannerman to play the leading rôle and to show what an accomplished and versatile actress she is.

I liked Mr. Richard Bird, even when he had to get drunk (this is one of the "wettest" plays I have ever seen); and it was good to find pretty Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor talking naturally and showing very genuine ability. She was, I believe, the only member of the cast who did not have to lap up liquor like a lately-landed sailor. Love is said to be blind. But *Gay Love* meant getting blind to the world.

When that exquisitely funny burlesque of the Hollywooden heads that form so extensive a part of the film industry, *Once in a Lifetime*, was produced a year or so ago in New York, there were many complaints, from those in a position to know, that the burlesque was not sufficiently emphasized, that the whole thing was too realistic. If that is still true, I have only one aim in life after seeing this piece by Moss Hart and George Kaufmann at the Queen's Theatre. I want to be in a position to go to Hollywood, live in comfort in an excellent climate—and just laugh at it.

Sir Barry Jackson, having for some time deluged us with gloom in his little corner of Shaftesbury Avenue, has now atoned by bringing to London what must surely be one of the most uproariously funny farces of all time. It is a farce founded plainly on truth. The greater the truth the greater the opportunity for satire. This is not effervescent nonsense about nothing at all. It is a shrewd and palpable hit at an industry composed of vast quantities of capital, labour and stupidity. And the greatest of these is stupidity.

Film statistics will tell of the amount of money thrown away (and not only at Hollywood) on what the public never sees at all. That public can inspect for itself the lavish absurdity of nine-tenths of what are called spectacular films. *Once in a Lifetime* performs a world-service by showing us how this comes about. It performs a more important service still by making us laugh.

The construction of the satire is brilliant since it works on a *crescendo*. It begins well, gets better, and ends triumphantly on a dazzling peak of irresistible absurdity.

Stupidity conquers from the first. It is the stupid member, George Lewis, of the three unsuccessful players stranded in New York who is happy and unperturbed in his pea-nut cracking. It is George who impresses the woman film critic when they are on their way to Hollywood to teach "silent" film stars how to talk. It is George who insults that Imperial Film Magnate, Hermann Glogauer, before whom all Hollywood bends the knee—and is given the job of chief producer in consequence. It is George who, utterly humourless, makes an appallingly bad picture which staggers the world with its success, and who falls in love with the world's worst actress, who becomes the world's most famous film star.

Luck and prosperity are showered on George as his lack of humour grows more obvious. We have our Georges. One of them met me in an interval. "Is it quite fair," he said, "to hold up to ridicule something that gives innocent pleasure to millions of people, some of whom have very grey lives?"

That was another of the evening's good lines, and *not* by Messrs. Hart and Kaufmann.

The miracle was that this play was "put over" perfectly by the Birmingham Repertory Company. Not that this company is not one of all the talents. But it is an English company and never has there been a more American play. They went at it good and hard, and if the accents were occasionally groggy, the pace held, and that was the main thing. London should be grateful to them, particularly to Mr. Charles Victor, Mr. Derek Cotter, Miss Barbara Francis, and Mr. Richard Caldicot.

Somewhere about 10 o'clock on the first night of *The One Girl* at the Hippodrome, I noticed the Arc de Triomphe painted on the back-cloth. From this I concluded we were supposed to be in Paris, in spite of a scene in which a girl with very short skirts and a broken accent tried to sell pedestrians indecent post-cards and to kiss them on the mouth. Such an episode has never occurred and never could occur; but I suppose some licence must be allowed in the sacred cause of art.

But long before then there had been a Parisian flavour about the behaviour of a certain section of the gallery, who became hysterical with enthusiasm at the sight of every member of the company and who applauded in frenzied fashion their every word and gesture. Their behaviour in view of the comparative apathy elsewhere was remarkable.

Now just as I am convinced that this musical-comedy cannot have been as good as that few, that happy few, endeavoured to represent, so am I prepared to admit that it is probably not so bad as I thought it. But over the poorness of the book I will not concede a tenth part of a point. How three authors can, even by accident, have avoided evolving one single interesting turn of the preposterous plot or writing, between them, a solitary witty line is a mystery. I seem to remember an appalling piece of dialogue about an elderly woman's "knees" and her "niece" being confused, on which a comedian's comment had to be "How Nice"—i.e. "nice." There was also some feebly suggestive stuff about the Virgin Queen and her Gentlemen-of-the-Bed-chamber and, of course, Bloody Mary—all of it too stale even to be offensive.

The assets of *The One Girl* are efficient production, good dancing (particularly by Miss Louise Browne), some pretty frocks, and the contortions of Mr. Lupino Lane. Mr. Lane's motto seemed to be "When in doubt, fall over." He must have been almost continuously in doubt; but for that he can hardly be blamed.

AUTHOR OF LONDON'S LONGEST RUN TURNS SCREEN ACTOR: Anthony Kimmins, author of *While Parents Sleep*, has the leading rôle in *The Golden Cage*, the first film to go into production at the new studio at Sound City. Lillian Sande who is seen here with Mr. Kimmins on a set in the studio has just returned from Berlin to take part in the film

MODES in MARCH

The Stage as an Exemplar

THE BEAUTY OF FOX AND MAROCAIN: Miss Mary Ellis, who plays a leading rôle in *Double Harness*, sets off to advantage an afternoon dress and cape in pale duck-egg blue marocain. The sleeves are trimmed with cocoa-coloured fox, while the cap is in brown velvet. Designed by Eve Valere, Knightsbridge

Miss Sepha Treble, who takes a leading part in Mr. Cochran's production, *Mother of Pearl*, looks charming in an evening gown of white silk organdie, with handworked "à jour" embroidery. The evening coat and cape are of white velvet trimmed with fox fur to match. By Victor Stiebel, Ltd.

Right — A striking silver lame evening gown, cleverly cut to the figure, by Eve Valere, Knightsbridge, is worn by Miss Sara Sample, who plays the part of Monica Paget in *Double Harness*. The cape is in smoke-grey tulle relieved by frilled epaulettes

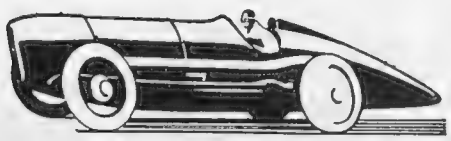
This and the above study of Miss Mary Ellis photographed by Eric Gray

272 m.p.h!

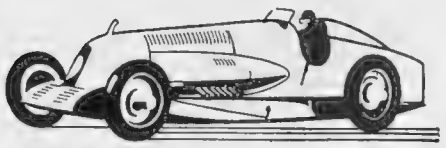
The portrait of Sir Malcolm Campbell is reproduced by the courtesy of the "Autocar."

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

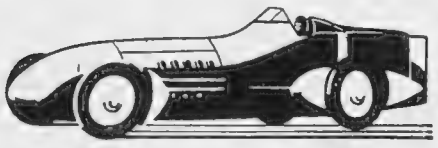
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



1925 On July 21st, on Pendine Sands in a Sunbeam Car, Sir Malcolm first secured the coveted record at 150.86 M.P.H

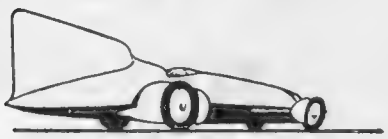


1927 On February 4th, in the Napier-engined "Bluebird" on Pendine Sands he broke the record at 174.88 M.P.H.



1928 On February 12th, at Daytona for the first time, Sir Malcolm attained 206.95 M.P.H.

1931 On February 5th, again at Daytona with a supercharged Napier-engine in "Bluebird," the record fell at - 246.09 M.P.H.



1932 On February 24th, Sir Malcolm raised his record to 253.96 M.P.H

FOR THE SIXTH TIME

SIR MALCOLM

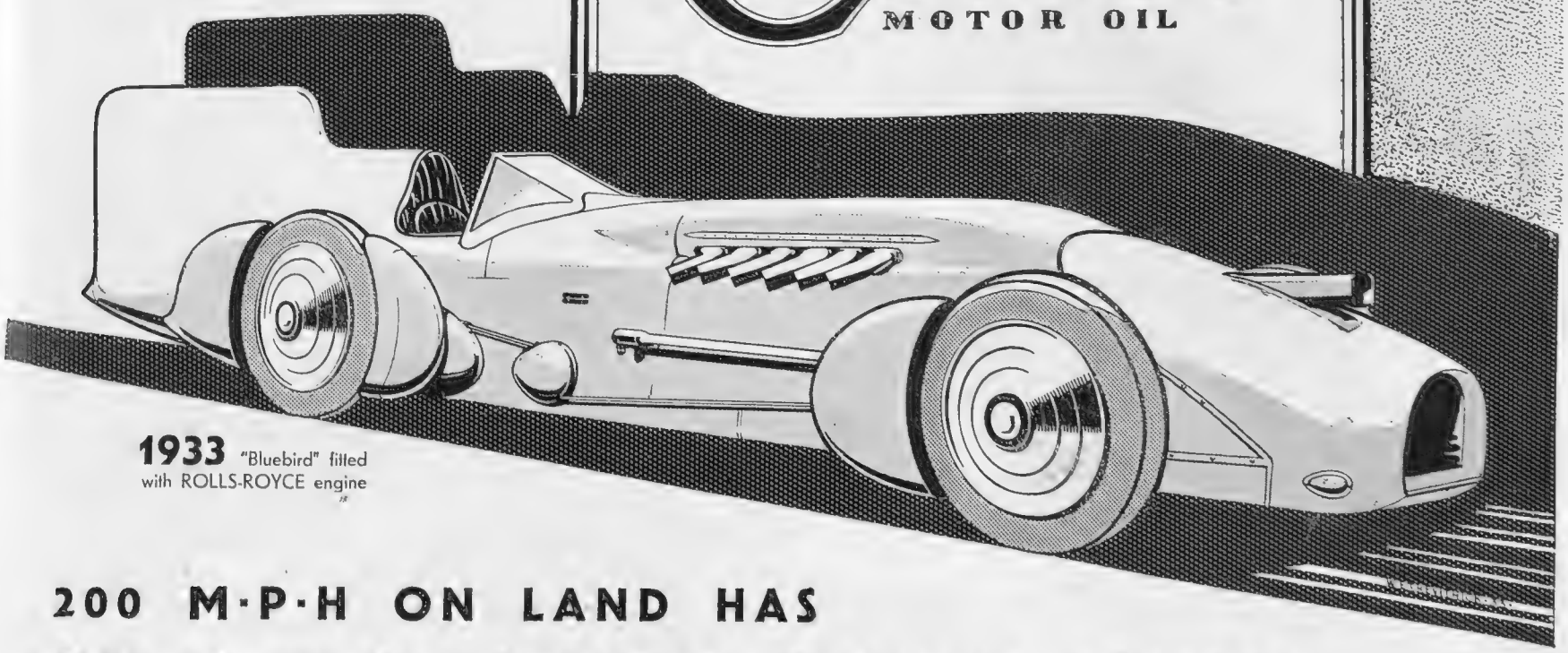
CAMPBELL

CHOSE

WAKEFIELD

Castrol

MOTOR OIL



1933 "Bluebird" fitted with ROLLS-ROYCE engine

200 M·P·H ON LAND HAS NEVER BEEN EXCEEDED WITHOUT CASTROL

THE PETROL WORLD

By

A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere": Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

CARAVANNING TO CAIRO: An expedition planned to demonstrate once again that the British motor car is entirely suited to conditions as they exist anywhere throughout the world. For this purpose a Standard Model "75" Hillman Wizard was chosen and a four-berth car cruiser caravan. A member of the expedition is seen drawing water from a picturesque wayside well near Medinin (Tunisia)

RACING'S EFFECT ON TYRES.—Having heard Sir George Beharrell, the managing director of the Dunlop Rubber Company, state in public the other evening that motor racing was definitely responsible for the present state of efficiency of the ordinary tyre I feel I must return once more to this very important subject. It is not very often that a person in Sir George's position makes such an emphatic statement regarding motor speed competitions and racing. Not so long ago it was quite the ordinary thrill of even a short race at Brooklands to witness several competitors retiring because one of their tyres had either come off or the treads had been flung into a thousand pieces. The Dunlop Rubber Company very soon gave their attention to this problem, and as a result of their experience they shortly produced such an efficient tyre that I cannot recall one giving out on a racing car during the past few years except through good honest wear.

In pre-War days 8,000 miles on a cover was a fair average mileage, but to-day most of us would be very disappointed if we did not keep the same covers on our cars for at least twice that mileage. Certainly it is not uncommon to hear of tyres still giving good service after 30,000 miles. Not only do we get a tyre with a much longer life, but its days of service are now almost completely free from trouble, whereas in the pre-War period all sorts of dreadful things would happen to a tyre during its comparatively short existence.

"K.L.G."—Talking of motor racing reminds me that it is doubtful whether we should to-day have the well-known K.L.G. sparking plug had it not been that Mr. K. Lee Guinness, the well-known racing driver, decided to make his own plugs as none of those on the market at that time satisfied him when put under the abnormal test of motor racing. His early experiments in making his own plugs were so successful that his competitors found themselves at a grave disadvantage, but like a true sportsman Mr. Guinness agreed to make similar plugs for his rivals and in that way the present huge business had its start.

Talking of early motorists like Mr. K. Lee Guinness leads me on to Mr. Percy Northey, who is now and has for a long time been one of the shining lights of Rolls-Royce Limited. Being in his office the other day I noticed a print of a very early motor car, and on looking closely I found that it was a vehicle produced by himself. During the course of our conversation I learnt that he was the first person to place four wheels of the same size on any motor vehicle. Up to then the arrangement of the old carriage with its smaller front wheels had been copied by all manufacturers. Another interesting point of this early car of his was that on looking at it stationary it was very difficult to discern which was the front and which was the back. In designing it in this manner the idea was to break away from the horseless carriage, or in other words it was one of the first attempts to start an original design for a motor vehicle instead of taking a carriage and pair, removing the horses and shaft, and placing an engine under the seats.

THAT HA'PORTH OF TAR.—I would like to draw the attention of makers to the ordinary electric hooter which is now fitted to practically every car. I wonder if the very unpleasant noise which the majority of these instruments produce is necessary in order that they may fulfil their mission in life. Surely a more pleasant note could be evolved without adding to the expense of the instrument, and I am certain that its effectiveness would thereby be increased rather than decreased.

On more expensive cars manufacturers should provide an alternative warning device such as the deep-noted bulb horn which has for a long time been fitted to Rolls-Royces. In towns this type of hooter is quite serviceable and is certainly more pleasant for all concerned.

TAIL-LAMP TROUBLE.—A few years ago when a bulb in a lamp had to be replaced it was not a very difficult matter to remove the front glass. It generally twisted round and was held by a kind of bayonet fixing. To-day, if this operation becomes necessary, a screw-driver or a coin has to be produced, and quite a lot of skill is called for when replacing the glass. Whether the change of design was prompted by reasons of economy or of appearance I do not know, but I cannot help thinking that most owner-drivers would be overjoyed if the lamp manufacturers went back to the old method.

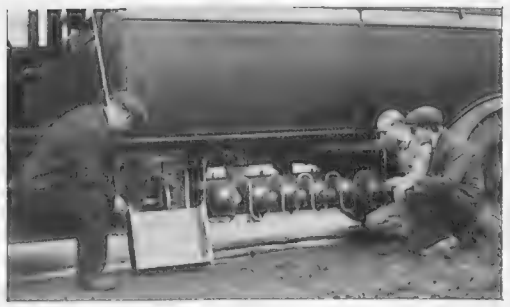
Having smashed my tail lamp quite recently prompts me to air a grievance. Why should the motor car produced in America or Canada have its tail lamp fitted on a really strong pillar which does not vibrate and which hides the conducting wires that pass through its bore. The British method of fixing is strangely amateurish; but not only is it unsightly, but its flimsiness is frequently the direct cause of a broken bulb.

A hot piece of metal such as a heated filament cannot withstand excessive bumping and vibration for a long time, yet car makers frequently fix the tail lamp on an overhanging luggage carrier or number plate so that it literally shakes itself to pieces and soon fractures the wires.

AUSTIN'S POPULARITY.—Now that the British Industries Fair is uppermost in our minds, it is very satisfactory to learn that the registration figures of motor cars in New Zealand for the month of January reveal that 111 Austin cars went into that country during that month. This number is more than double that of the most popular American make. The Austin Motor Company thoroughly deserve this success because they are very go ahead. For instance, they recently exhibited at the Berlin Motor Show, being the only British stand at the exhibition. Sir Herbert Austin has stated that he was delighted with the interest taken by the German public in Austin cars, the Ten-Four being particularly popular. I am glad to note that this same company is exhibiting at the Copenhagen Motor Show, where eight cars and two vans of Austin manufacture are staged.

CARS ARE CHEAPER THAN TEA.—Someone with an original viewpoint has worked out how much motor cars cost per pound weight, and the results are so unexpected that I will repeat them. Taking the famous Austin "Seven" de Luxe Saloon, it costs to buy 2s. 1d. per lb., and the equivalent Austin Ten-Four Saloon works out at 1s. 11d. per lb., but we find that the Light Twelve-Four Saloon can be bought for 1s. 8d. per lb. Taking the figure for this last saloon, we find that the price per pound is less than one-eighth the price of tobacco, a little less than tea, practically the same as prime English beef, and a little more than the best jam or butter.

TWENTY-ONE YEARS: Messrs. Morris Motors, Ltd., recently attained their majority as a car-manufacturing concern and this picture of a 1912 Morris Oxford, which sold for £165, alongside a 1933 Morris Cowley, sold at the same price, makes an interesting comparison of motoring values



A GAS-DRIVEN BUS: Experimental work is being carried out by the Whitwood Chemical Co., Ltd., of Normanton, near Leeds, on a bus driven by coal-gas. The high-pressure cylinders containing the fuel are installed underneath the chassis

OUSTING STEAM: Trials of the first Diesel-electric express train were recently held on the L.M.S. between London and Birmingham. The Diesel-electric motor train is seen leaving Euston

PROGRESS IN THE NORTH: The practically completed bridge across the Dunglass Burn, which will bypass the two bridges at Dunglass and Bilsdean, which are both narrow and dangerous

A NOVEL INVENTION: A car designed by Mr. J. A. Macdonald of Kenya, which is driven by coal-gas. This car generates its own gas from anthracite loaded in the storage tank

Among the finer things of life

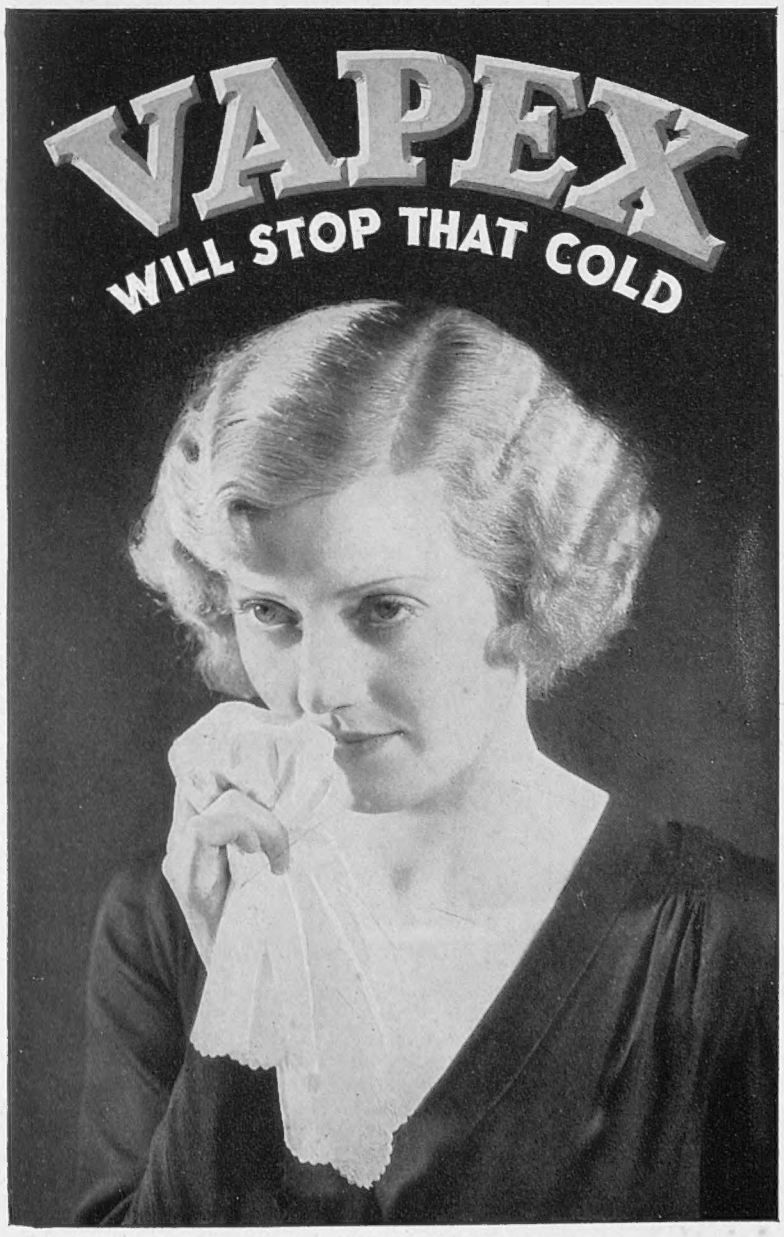
Superb craftsmanship working on exquisite Virginia leaf has produced in Player's No. 3 a cigarette which satisfies the most exacting smoker.

10 *for* 8p
20 *for* 1'4
50 *for* 3'3
100 *for* 6'4
WITH OR WITHOUT CORK TIPS

PLAYER'S No. 3

Virginia Cigarettes

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. 3.P.12.C.



"I am greatly delighted"

"Having driven the Vauxhall Cadet fitted with Synchro-Mesh gear over give-and-take roads, and in very congested thoroughfares, I can say that I am greatly delighted with the performance. The gear changing is perfect, never giving the slightest trouble or noise; this must all be to the good, and means longer life to the car, as the change being so simple, there is no excuse whatever for hanging on to gears, besides being much more enjoyable for the passengers in the car."

So writes an enthusiastic owner. There's magic in the Synchro-Mesh gearbox. It makes gear changing child's play and removes the bugbear—double declutching. And the abundant power, vivid acceleration, finger-light steering, and smooth but positive braking of the Vauxhall Cadet give you "silky performance" in every phase of driving conditions.

The roomy coachwork gives you the acme of comfort. With dignified lines, softest upholstery and the famous Vauxhall flutes in gleaming chromium, the Cadet has all the appearance of its pedigree. To test the truth of this owner's tribute any Vauxhall dealer will be glad to give you a trial run.

17 h.p. six-cylinder VAUXHALL CADET. 4-door Saloon—£295. Grosvenor Saloon de luxe—£325. Fixed-Head Coupé (2 or 4 light)—£295. (Sliding roof on Saloons and Fixed-Head Coupé Models.) *Romney 2-seater Drop-Head Coupé—£325. Denton 4-seater Drop-Head Coupé—£335. Tickford All-Weather Saloon—£335. (All prices ex-Works.)*
Complete range on view at 174-182, Great Portland Street, W. 1.

Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Edgware Road, London, N.W. 9.

SYNCHRO MESH
FAULTLESS GEAR CHANGE

VAUXHALL CADET

THE CAR WITH THE SILKY PERFORMANCE

BRITISH FLYING

(Continued from p. 292)

One is going to Bâle. Two are going to Marseilles, and the others to Paris or Cologne. We very seldom have people staying here on the way from the other side. London is so close. But we have a lot of foreign currency to change, and the worst of it is that you never know the rate of exchange, and everyone always want the highest rate.

"Even at this time of year there are eighteen air liners arriving and departing every day, as well as a number of smaller machines. In the summer there are more, and quite a lot of people come out to have tea and see them landing and taking-off. Last summer, when the Soviet aeroplane was due to arrive, dozens of Communists came into the garden where tea is served but refused to buy anything. So I charged them a shilling a head admission. The joke of it was that the aeroplane did not arrive until the following day."

Mr. Atkins then took me downstairs to see the visitors' book. The four most recent names were those of the Duke of York, Steve Donoghue, Alex Jackson, and Harriet Cohen. Opening the book elsewhere at random I came across the names of Savory, Leech, Disley, and Bell, four survivors of the *R 101* who were flown back in Army machines to Croydon. Mr. Atkins can tell a story about that. The very next name in the book was Walter Lindrum. Other names were Jack Hylton, who flies over regularly with his orchestra on Continental tours; Billy Cotton; Gordon Richards and other jockeys who have to fly over and back for a single engagement like the Grand Prix; Lord Clydesdale, Atcherley, Kingsford Smith (who signed his name in green ink and gave the *Southern Cross* as his address); Mabel Boll, "the diamond queen," and Charles Levine, who commandeered an aeroplane in Paris and managed to land it at Croydon although he had no flying certificate.

"We get all kinds of people as you see," said Mr. Atkins. "The Japanese Crown Prince and the Sultan of Zanzibar and Sir Malcolm Campbell and the Sultan of Oman and Captain Olley have all been here. Olley drifts in casually from East Africa or Karachi just as though he had come by omnibus from Croydon. But how news travels! The other night I was in a night club in Paris and was hailed by some German airmen. We sat and talked until all hours of the morning. I flew back here at mid-day, but everyone knew about it and pulled my leg. It had been relayed by pilots from Paris to Berlin and back from there to Croydon before my return. Of course they all know me, and they toast me as 'The pilots' banker' at the Aerodrome Masonic Lodge dinners."

I finally bade farewell to Mr. Atkins in the club-room of the commercial pilots, which is part of the hotel. Its walls are covered with caricatures of the different airmen in characteristic poses. Alas! many of them are dead, like Captain Barnard, the Imperial Airways pilot, who was killed while testing a racing machine at Bristol. It is a large square room with oak panellings and a small window opening on to the bar. When I was there, three pilots were in the room. Two of them were not drinking. One of them was drinking a glass of light lager and, as I found out, had given up smoking for a month. They were discussing motor cars, and as far as I could make out considered that motoring was much more dangerous as well as much more of a strain than flying.

"But you should come here on Sunday," said Mr. Atkins. "Of course only pilots and their friends are allowed in this room. But in the lounge and restaurant you will see dozens of local youths in macintosh trousers and carrying goggles and crash helmets. If you look round the corner you will see where they have parked their motor bicycles. They are trying to look like pilots and show off in front of strangers. That is perhaps the most amusing part of all in managing Europe's first flying hotel."

"JOHN OBRISSET"

Messrs. B. T. Batsford, Ltd., announce an important addition to Mr. Philip A. S. Philips' monograph on John Obrisset, the famous Huguenot carver, medallist, and art worker. Readers of THE SPHERE may remember that we published illustrations of this craftsman's work when his monograph was first published. The author has now discovered at the French Hospital in Victoria Park Road, London, E.9, the names of certain French Protestant refugees who received benefits under the Royal bounty. As the first list is dated 1687—only two years after the historic Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—these names provide matter of considerable interest, and have been employed by the author for making the necessary additions and corrections to complete his work. This information puts right the relationships of various members of the family, and gives the approximate date of the death of Obrisset himself, an event for which the author had sought without success during his earlier researches. The book was published by Messrs. Batsford at £3 3s. net in a limited edition; a few copies we are informed still remain for sale.

ONE MONTH of HISTORY

(Continued from p. 282)

The poor little rich girls and boys bewailing the necessity of being at the church by 11.15: "It meant getting up at *dawn*, my dear!"

An old man who took no notice of the ceremony at all, but remained kneeling and praying in a side chapel.

RECORDS AND ASHES.—The season for flying and motoring records set in earlier this year.

Two R.A.F. officers, Squadron-Leader O. R. Gayford and Flight-Lieutenant G. E. Nicholetts, helped spasmodically by a "robot pilot," broke the world's long-distance record in a non-stop flight of 5,341 miles from Cranwell to Walvis Bay, and all but reached Capetown. They took 52 hours 25 minutes in an ordinary service machine (Fairey monoplane) adapted for extra fuel in place of bomb-load.

Mr. J. A. Mollison flew from Lympne to Port Natal, Brazil, in 82 hours 8 minutes, via West Africa, giving Britain another record for the first non-stop flight westward across the south Atlantic, done in 17½ hours.

Captain Malcolm Campbell again set up a world record in motoring, by driving his British car, the Blue Bird, at an average speed of 272.108 miles an hour along Daytona Beach, Florida.

ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN. — England won the fourth Test Match (and the Ashes) at Brisbane by six wickets. The hero of the match was Lancashire's Eddie Paynter who, suddenly afflicted with tonsilitis, left hospital against orders, scored a grand 83 at the tail end of England's first innings, gargling at intervals before his wicket. The English cricket team had been unwilling to play at Brisbane unless the Australian Board of Control withdrew the word "unsportsmanlike" (concerning body-line bowling) in its January cable to the M.C.C. The Board of Control dodged skilfully: "We do not regard the sportsmanship of your team as being in question."

"I pray for peace as much as any statesman prayed for peace when his country was at war," was the last hyperbole from Mr. Plum Warner, manager of the English team, in this affair of exaggerations. England again succeeded in the fifth Test match at Sydney, where the absence of competition for the Ashes promoted hard, free hitting by Hammond, Bradman, and (surprisingly) demon-bowling Larwood. This time the barrackers left Larwood alone when he bowled "leg-theory," but Sydney yahoos applauded a ball that hit the English captain on the hip. Several sorts of ashes will return from the remarkable cricket tour now ending.

MONEY MAZE.—The soft pedal was applied to exchanges on War Debts between the British Cabinet and Mr. Roosevelt. Sir Ronald Lindsay, Ambassador in Washington, came to London for very private advice to the Cabinet, and returned to the United States for very private talks with Mr. Roosevelt and his new Secretary of State, Mr. Cordell Hull. It was known that these expositions went beyond the debts into currencies and views on the coming World Economic Conference. Senator Borah predicted ruin for "the human family" unless this pregnant conference brought offspring that were vigorous and constructive.

A GOLD MYSTERY.—Intensive gold-buying was suddenly adopted by the Bank of England. Within a month £20,000,000 worth of gold, representing about £30,000,000 sterling (more than the amount of the disputed war debt instalment last December) was purchased. Anti-Montagu Norman newspapers agreed that the proclaimed power to collect gold would remove our ability to protest that we could not send America next July's instalment of debt.

BETTER TRADE BALANCE.—Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, Financial Secretary to the Treasury, described as "miraculous rehabilitation" the reduction in 1932 to £59,000,000 of Britain's adverse trade balance, which in 1931 was £104,000,000. The decrease was due to a huge reduction in imports. Exports also fell a long way, as did invisible exports.

INCOME-TAX: WHAT HOPES? — A new policy of "extreme clemency" was adopted regarding imprisonment for debt. Only those persons are to be committed who show flagrant disobedience of the Court, and no person will be sent to prison who makes a reasonable offer to pay off income-tax by instalments. It was hinted that one reason for clemency was overcrowding in the debtor prisons.

The Times boldly demanded that to improve trade and employment the Chancellor should, at almost any cost, reduce taxation in this year's Budget and risk the limited deficit. Sir Robert Horne came out in support. Orthodox economists showed signs of nervous prostration; but hope sprang eternal.

THE HAREM

(Continued from p. 284)

harem!" while such as appear publicly in other than the strict trappings of tradition are liable to have their raiment slashed by a self-constituted corps of women "observers." More disconcerting, the best young men are said to have gone on marriage strike against girls who fail to conform to the Prophet and the past. There is little enough of the Ghazi's attitude in this holy city, little feminist culture or propaganda; but there is a mosque women may visit darkly on Fridays. In Damascus one gets the first kick-back to what things used to be with women of the yashmak. In Jerusalem the Moslem women go strictly veiled, partly no doubt an Arab offsetting to other faiths locally, but Damascus is the stricter.

Farther afield in the Arabian lands small change is reported in the woman-ritual of old: the same shutting off of girl-wives from all male gaze, the same tattooings and spread of brass and grease, the same dreadful black hood and funereal baggy folds called clothing.

In Egypt the recent revelation that a rich carpet-dealer had died leaving forty-five wives (including many children of twelve) gave a fillip to the anti-polygamy movement now widely sponsored in Cairo and Alexandria. It is probably in Egypt that the largest harems survive to-day. In such cities as Alexandria rich importers, bankers, etc., still manage to keep half-a-dozen wives who only venture abroad heavily veiled, and not infrequently shadowed. This is because harem recluses are known as the worst kind of dope fiends—they having nought to do to stave off boredom. Consequently they are shadowed.

A proposed measure is the prohibition of minors as wives, of any girl below fifteen. This, it is thought, would deal a severe blow at surviving harems.

In Cairo the leader is Madame Charaoui Pasha, who astonished people in 1927 by returning from a congress in Rome and throwing back her veil at the station—the first time ever such a thing had been dared in Cairo. But since then Egyptian women have their own newspaper and club, and venture out as often as they choose, unveiled, husbands permitting. They even wear pyjamas at the sun beaches. Nevertheless, they remain as yet in a curious enough stage of semi-transition. For example, they weep rather too easily at things on the screen; highly emotional still, with so much captivity stored in their make-ups. They are also a little bewildered by the tempo of imported Western living. Still more and more are showing the gold ring in public, token that they are not of a polygamous union. Actually, the crisis is steadily causing the harem to vanish for young Egyptians, for all save the well-off, and even these are inclined to allow their womenfolk to walk abroad unveiled and often unaccompanied. (Royalty, however, still goes veiled.)

I have scant space for Iraq and Persia. In neither Baghdad nor Teheran is the liberating of women as advanced as in Istambul and Cairo or even akin to it. The Koran gives certain advantages to women and children over such a westernizing civil code as Kemal has adopted; that is one reason Iraq is treading slowly with the abolition of the harem. This, it is also pointed out, is declining of itself through the economic blight (but might it not one day rebound during prosperity?). Nor has the head-dress, veil or tcharchaf, or anything else been altered in Iraq; the women still go about much as we knew them in '17–18. But much training of practical value has been introduced.

Nor has Riza the N.C.O. Shah followed the Ghazi, either. Rather are Persian girls who consort too daringly with Europeans apt to be thrashed! While you may still see, apparently, even officers in Teheran dining with wives who have three holes in their veils: two for seeing and one for the menu.

To conclude: harems are going for economic reasons, but they are far from gone yet—only the large ones. When harems do go, a new problem of surplus womanhood must inevitably arise in the countries involved.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Society is much in need of a powerful reed organ or Harmonium (Mission Hall Type) suitable to lead about 300 boys, for use in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. If any readers should have such a thing in their homes and find it a white elephant, please give it to the Ship, so that the young "sailors in the making" may have the benefit of it. Please address communications in the first place to The General Secretary, The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE SPHERE'S REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

✣ ✣ ✣

Aberdeen - - The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth - Hotel Victoria
Do. - Lion Royal Hotel
Do. - "Deva" Private Hotel
Alnwick - - White Swan Hotel
Alton - - - Swan Hotel
Anglesey - - Cliff Hotel, Trearddur Bay
Ashford - - Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury - - Crown Hotel

Banbury - - White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales) Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down) Royal Hotel
Barmouth - - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - - Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - - - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - - - Grand Pump Room Hotel
Do. - - - Empire Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W. Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed - Waterloo Hotel
Bexley, Kent - The Rising Sun Inn
Blackpool - - Empire Private Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Metropole
Blairgowrie - - Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Blandford, Dorset Crown Hotel
Bognor Regis - Walton House, Walton Avenue
Do. - Gresham Hotel
Do. - Arlington Private Hotel
Boroughbridge - Three Arrows Hotel
Bournemouth - Branksome Tower Hotel
Do. - Branksome Dene Hotel
Do. - Boscombe Dene
Do. - Bourne Dene, Manor Road, East Cliff
Do. - Carlton Hotel
Do. - Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do. - Cranborne Court Hotel, West Cliff
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - Hotel Walmer
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina House Private Hotel
Do. - Mandurah Private Hotel
Do. - Osborne Priory Hotel
Do. - Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere - Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill - - Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan - Allan Water Hotel
Brighton - - Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do. - - Hollywood Hotel
Broadway - - Lygon Arms Hotel
Bromley Hill, Kent Bromley Hill Court Hotel
Brora - - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton Rosemullion Hotel
Buxton - - - The Bedford Hotel
Do. - - - The Old Hall Hotel

Carrigart - - The Rosapenna Hotel (Co. Donegal)
Catterick - - The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford - - Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar - - Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham - - Ellenborough Hotel
Do. - - Plough Hotel
Do. - - Pyatt's Hotel
Chester - - Queen's Hotel
Cirencester - - King's Head Hotel
Do. - - Wellesley House Hotel
Cliftonville - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do. - - Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork - - - Imperial Hotel
Criccieth - - Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do. - - Lion Hotel
Cromer - - - The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock Greyhound Hotel

Dalkey (Co. Dublin) Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish - - - Sefton Hotel
Derby - - - Friary Hotel
Do. - - - Midland Hotel
Dornoch - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa - Impney Hotel
Do. Raven Hotel
Dublin - - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do. - - - Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries - - County Hotel
Dundee - - - Mather's Hotel
Dunkeld - - Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin) - Ross's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel

Eastbourne - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Southdown Hotel
Do. - - The Chatsworth Hotel
Do. - - York House Hotel
Edinburgh - - Caledonian Hotel
Do. - - Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do. - - Roxburghe Hotel
Do. - - Royal British Hotel
Elie - - - Marine Hotel

Falmouth - - Falmouth Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Folkestone - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Fowey - - - Fowey Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Hotel

Glasgow - - Central Hotel
Do. - - - George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do. - - - St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles - - Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork) Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester - - New Inn Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Do. - - Spread Eagle
Goathland - - Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie - - - Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea - The Pier Hotel
Greenock - - Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern - Hardwicke Hotel
Greystones - - Grand Hotel (Co. Wicklow)

Guernsey - - Richmond Hotel
Guildford - - Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane - - - Bisset's Hotel

Halifax - - - White Swan Hotel
Harrogate - - Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do. - - Crown Hotel
Do. - - Granby Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Majestic Hotel
Do. - - Wellington Hotel
Haslemere, Surrey Whitwell Hatch Hotel
Hastings - - Queen's Hotel
Heathfield - - Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames Imperial Hotel
Hereford - - Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead - - Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross - - Hoops Inn
Hove - - - Courtlands Hotel
Do. - - - St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull - - - White House Hotel
Do. - - - Grosvenor Hotel
Do. - - - Imperial Hotel
Hythe - - - Sutherland House Hotel

Ilfracombe - - Crescent Hotel
Instow (N. Devon) Instow Private Hotel
Inverness - - Station Hotel

Kenilworth - - Arden House Hotel
Keswick - - County Hotel
Do. - - Keswick Hotel
Do. - - The Borrowdale Hotel
Do. - - Skiddaw Hotel
Do. - - Queen's Hotel
Do. - - Royal Oak Hotel
Kew Gardens - Cumberland House Private Hotel
Kingstown - - Ross's Hotel (Co. Dublin)
Kingussie - - Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve

Leamington Spa - Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do. - Crown Hotel
Do. - Maisonette Private Hotel
Leeds - - - Queen's Hotel
Leeming Lane - Newton House Hotel
Letchworth - - The People's House
Lincoln - - Grand Hotel
Littlehampton - Southlands Hotel
Liverpool - - Adelphi Hotel
Do. - - Exchange Hotel
Do. - - North Western Hotel
Llandudno - - Empire Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire - Loch Awe Hotel
London - - - Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do. - - - Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7
Do. - - - Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do. - - - Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do. - - - Cromwell House Private Hotel, 40, Courtfield Gardens, Kensington, S.W.5
Do. - - - Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do. - - - Grafton Hotel, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1
Do. - - - Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do. - - - Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do. - - - Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do. - - - New Norfolk Hotel, London Street, W.2
Do. - - - Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do. - - - Rembrandt Hotel, Sth. Kensington, S.W.
Do. - - - Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do. - - - Ruskin Manor Hotel, 163, Denmark Hill, S.E.5
Do. - - - South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Do. - - - Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do. - - - Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do. - - - "Trevose," 68/70, Queensborough Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2
Do. - - - West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Lossiemouth - Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Pitt House Hotel
Do. - - Stile House Hotel
Do. - - The Bay Hotel
Lytham - - Clifton Hotel

Maidenhead - - Skindles Hotel
Do. - Dumb Bell Hotel
Maidstone - - Royal Star Hotel
Manchester - - Midland Hotel
Mansfield, Notts - Midland Hotel
Matlock - - Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea - Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead - - Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead Manor House Hotel
Morthoe - - Watersmeet Hotel

Newnham-on-Severn - Victoria Hotel
Newquay - - Atlantic Hotel
Do. - - St. Rumon's Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Victoria
North Berwick - Marine Hotel

Northampton - Stag's Head Hotel
Nottingham - - The County Hotel
Do. - - The George Hotel

Oban - - - Great Western Hotel
Do. - - - Station Hotel
Oxford - - - Randolph Hotel

Paignton - - Paignton Palace Hotel
Do. - - Paignton Hydro
Do. - - Redcliffe Hotel
Penmaenmawr - Grand Hotel
Penrith - - Ullswater Hotel
Perth - - - Station Hotel
Petersfield - - Fern Bank Private Hotel
Portheawl - - Esplanade Hotel
Do. - - Seabank Hotel

Ramsey, I.O.M. - Hotel Britannia
Reeth, Richmond Arkleside Private Hotel
Richmond (Surrey) Richmond Hill Hotel
Richmond (Yorks) The King's Head Hotel
Ripon - - - Unicorn Hotel
Rostrevor (Co. Down) - Great Northern Hotel
Rumbling Bridge - Rumbling Bridge Hotel

St. Andrews - - Atholl Hotel
St. Anne's-on-Sea Grand Hotel
St. Ives - - - Tregenna Castle Hotel
St. Leonards-on-Sea - - - Alexandra Hotel
Do. - - Eversfield Hotel
St. Neots - - Bridge Hotel
St. Neots - - New Inn Hotel
Salisbury - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Old George Hotel
Do. - - The White Hart Hotel
Sandown, I.W. - Royal Cliff Hotel
Scarborough - Manor Private Hotel
Do. - Pavilion Hotel
Seaton - - - Royal Clarence Hotel
Sevenoaks - - Heathfield Private Hotel
Do. - - "Top o' the Hill"
Shaldon (S. Devon) Dunmore Hotel
Shanklin - - Channel View Hotel
Sheffield - - Albany Hotel
Do. - - Angel Hotel
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Sidmouth - - Belmont Hotel
Do. - - Fortfield Hotel
Do. - - Torbay View Hotel
Do. - - Victoria Hotel
Southbourne, Bournemouth - Grange Hotel
Do. "Aberdalgie"
Southport - - Prince of Wales Hotel
Do. - - Parry's Waverley Hotel
Southsea - - Gladstone Hotel
Do. - - Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold - - The Swan Hotel
Staines - - Pack Horse Hotel
Stranraer - - King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon Arden Hotel
Stroud - - - The Bear Inn
Do. - - - Hillgrove Guest House, Woodchester, nr. Stroud
Sunbury-on-Thames - Sunbury Lodge
Sunderland - - Palatine Hotel
Surbiton - - Oakenshaw, Oak Hill

Taunton - - Castle Hotel
Teignmouth - - Beach Hotel
Do. - - Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe - Templecombe House Hotel
Tewkesbury - - The Bell Hotel
Thurlestone - - Rock House Private Hotel (S. Devon)
Do. - - Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern - - Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay - - Allerdale Hotel
Do. - - Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do. - - Dartmeet Private Hotel, Belgrave Rd.
Do. - - Grand Hotel
Do. - - Haldon Manor Hotel
Do. - - Hotel Hennapyn
Do. - - Links Htl, Babbacombe
Do. - - Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do. - - Osborne Hotel
Do. - - Palace Hotel
Do. - - Palm Court Hotel
Do. - - Roslin Hall Hotel
Do. - - The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do. - - The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do. - - Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do. - - White House Hotel
Troon - - - Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells - Earl's Court Hotel
Do. - Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel

Ullapool - - Royal Hotel
Uxbridge - - Brookfield Hotel

Ventnor - - Rocklands Private Hotel, St. Lawrence
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Do. - - Royal Marine Hotel
Do. - - Belmont Private Hotel

Waltham Cross - Theobalds Park Hotel
Warwick - - Lord Leycester Hotel
Wellington, Som. Shapland's Hotel
Westcliff-on-Sea - Westcliff Hotel
West Hartlepool - Birks Station Hotel
Weston-s.-Mare - Cairo Private Hotel, Ltd.
Do. - - Crosby Hall Hotel
Do. - - Royal Pier Hotel
Do. - - Royal Hotel
Whitby, Yorks - Kirby's Hotel
Whitley Bay - Waverley Hotel
Winchester - - Talbot Hotel
Do. - Wellington House Hotel, Kingsgate
Windermere - - Belsfield Hotel
Do. - - Low Wood Hotel
Windsor - - The Old House Hotel
Woolacombe - Whin Bay Hotel
Do. - - Woolacombe Bay Hotel
Worthing - - Steyne Hotel

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE 2/6 PER COPY
(Postage 4d. extra.)

Order with Remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS
LIMITED,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

SUBSCRIPTION RATES OF The Sphere

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
AT HOME ...	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 10s. 5d.	15s. 3d.
CANADA ...	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 4d.	15s. 2d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD	£3 9s. 6d.	£1 14s. 9d.	17s. 5d.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF *The Sphere*,
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

Please send me THE SPHERE *weekly for* _____ *months, commencing with the issue of* _____

for which I enclose _____

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Date _____ *1933*

Douglas Stuart

'Stuart House,' Shaftesbury Avenue, London

Wires may be handed in up to advertised time of Race, or from Racecourses up to the "Off."

There is no facility offered by the 'Tote' which Douglas Stuart's clients may not enjoy

✣

No Limit for Singles at official 'Tote' prices plus 5 per cent. to win or win and place.

Write to-day and open a Credit Account.

DOUGLAS STUART, "STUART HOUSE," SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. *March* 4, 1933. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.